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FROM BEGINNING
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CONTENTS

I. German Views of an Anglo-German Understanding. By H. H. Johnston	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	67
II. The Theatrical Situation. By William Archer	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	74
III. The Severins. Chapter XXV. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick (To be continued).	TIMES	85
IV. Some Recollections. By Mrs. W. Y. Sellar	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	89
V. Shakespeare's Moon. By Muscus	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	97
VI. The Hexminster Scandal. In Six Chapters. Chapter VI. A Scandal or a Romance? By W. E. Cule (Concluded.)	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	100
VII. The Place of Classics in Secondary Education. A Reply. By W. H. D. Rouse	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	103
VIII. Executions. By Arthur C. Benson, Sir Herbert Stephen, Sir Mackenzie Chalmers, Lady Chance, Mr. Filson Young and Sir Homewood Crawford	TIMES	107
IX. Capital Punishment.	SPECTATOR	111
X. A Holiday in South Africa. IV. By the Right Hon. Sir Mortimer Durand	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	114
XI. The Survival of the Thickest. By Owen Seaman	PUNCH	118
XII. "All the Winners!"	NATION	119
XIII. The Elections and After.	ECONOMIST	122
XIV. The Future of America.	SPECTATOR	124
A PAGE OF VERSE		
XV. The Torn Letter. By Thomas Hardy	ENGLISH REVIEW	66
XVI. Child and Man. By Elizabeth Rachel Chapman		66
XVII. Not All Are Gone. By Robin Flower		66
BOOKS AND AUTHORS		127



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THE TORN LETTER.

I.

I tore your letter into strips
 No bigger than the tiny feathers
 That ducks preen out in changing
 weathers
 Upon the shifting ripple-tips.

II.

Thereafter on my bed alone
 I seemed to see you in a vision,
 And hear you say: "Why this derision
 Of one drawn to you, though un-
 known?"

III.

Yea, eve's quick mood had run its
 course,
 The night had cooled my hasty mad-
 ness;
 I suffered a regretful sadness
 Which deepened into real remorse.

IV.

I thought what pensive, patient days
 A soul must know of grain so tender;
 How much of good must grace the
 sender
 Of such sweet words in such bright
 phrase.

V.

Uprising then, as things unpriced
 I sought each fragment, patched and
 mended;
 The midnight faded ere I had ended
 And gathered words I had sacrificed.

VI.

But some, alas, of those I threw,
 Were past my search, destroyed for
 ever:
 They were your name and place; and
 never
 Did I regain those clues to you.

VII.

And having missed, by rash unheed,
 My first, last, only means to know
 you,
 It dawned on me I must forgo you,
 And at the sense I ached indeed.

VIII.

That ache for you, got long ago,
 Comes back; I never could outgrow
 it.
 What a revenge did you but know it!
 But that you will not, cannot know.

Thomas Hardy.

The English Review.

CHILD AND MAN.

So docile was my dear, so wise to
 know
 And love the tender rule he should
 obey,
 So childly tractable, withal so slow
 To childish wrath, so clean from pas-
 sion's sway,

The momentary doubt would sometimes
 rise
 If in the patient child reposed the will
 The man would need, the force, the en-
 terprise
 To face the strife, to grapple with the
 ill.

I know not, but I know that manhood's
 crown
 Was ever meekness, since the child-
 ren's friend
 Rode humbly royal through the palm-
 strewn town
 Unto a stern retributory end.

I see foreshadowed in that seven-years'
 span
 The fulness of the stature of a man.
Elizabeth Rachel Chapman.

NOT ALL ARE GONE.

They say the gods are to the woodlands
 fled,
 Or deep withdrawn into the heedless
 sky;
 In solitudes and silence of the dead
 Lies disenthroned each slumbering
 deity.
 But I have seen in many a radiant
 street,
 Through mists of morning or of even-
 ing gold,
 A soundless vision borne on glancing
 feet,
 Love delicately going as of old.
 For he was made alone of man's delight
 And follows still the crowded ways
 of men;
 Altars of others crumble in the night,
 His with a kiss are builded up again;
 And on those altars hearts instead of
 spice.

Are made an offering and a sacrifice.
Robin Flower.

GERMAN VIEWS OF AN ANGLO-GERMAN UNDERSTANDING.

Any person of average intelligence and over, who has been enabled to visit the German Empire at the present time, even cursorily, must be aware of the enormous progress made by the German people in science, art, social legislation, internal intercommunications, commerce and the amenities of life. And even a tourist of no quick apprehension—in fact, for this purpose the stupider the better—must feel that in travelling about Germany he is more at home, made to feel more at home, than in any other country outside the British Dominions and the United States, for the reason that nowhere outside the lands where English is the national speech is our tongue more widely spoken than in Germany; with no other race in the world have we so frequently intermarried as with the Germans. This last condition is due to the considerable emigration in search of employment of German men to England or to the British Colonies, which results so frequently in their returning to their native land with English wives. In a less degree, but with a greater proportional effect, British men and women who go to Germany to take up diplomatic, or consular, or educational posts, or who for reasons connected with music, science or commerce, reside much in Germany, marry Germans. One need never be surprised in the heart of the Black Forest, in the Hartz Mountains, in Silesia, or in Holstein to meet with an English hostess at a German inn, due to the simple explanation that her husband, the innkeeper, has graduated in his excellent profession as a waiter in England and has returned with an English wife.

When one realizes all these points about modern Germany (the whole country appears extraordinarily angli-

cized compared with what it was twenty years ago, but three-fourths of this "British" influence has come direct from the United States, for the reaction of modern America on modern Germany has been far-reaching in its effects)—when one realizes the community of feeling and the common interests which have grown up between the United Kingdom and the German Empire, and when one participates in the splendid results achieved by the science and art of modern Germany, the British observer, if he has any emotion in his temperament, or if he touches fields of commercial development wherein Germany and England are more or less compelled to walk hand-in-hand, must conceive a great longing for an adjustment of the political relations between the British and German Empires on some such basis as the recent understandings between Britain, France and Russia. He must feel that if such an end could be attained without too great a sacrifice of vital British interests, it is the end above all others which should be immediately and unflaggingly pursued by British statesmen. Because from such an understanding must proceed a cessation of the rivalry in armatures, not only as between Britain and Germany, but even perhaps—and as a result therefrom—between Germany and Russia, France and Germany, Italy and Austria. Henceforth, following such a general and vital understanding, the armies and the fleets of the leading Powers of Europe would be only maintained for the support of social order in Europe and the development of a European civilization over Asia and Africa, among the backward peoples of the world.

British statesmen speak at large on the distressing growth of armaments,

necessitated, more or less, by the ever-growing German army and navy. But they are not perfectly frank with their hearers. In view of the continual agitation for the increase of the British Navy (in some cases on lines which would impose a heavy financial burden on the people of Great Britain and Ireland), and of the provocative increase of the German navy, it seems to me that the time has come when a frank discussion of the questions alienating Britain and her allies from the two great German Empires of Central Europe might take place in the press. Such an irresponsible discussion would, perhaps, pave the way for the work of diplomacy, exactly as was the case in regard to the growth of the *entente* with France and, later on, with Russia.

Acting in this belief, I have made use of my recent visit to the principal towns of Germany in the autumn of the present year to discuss with German officials, politicians, men of science, heads of industries and of great commercial firms, the reasons why Germany is burdening the finances of her own Empire with her inordinate expense of military and naval development, and concurrently imposing proportionately heavy sacrifices on the peoples of the United Kingdom, France, Austria, Russia and Italy. I will give in these pages what might be considered as the average views of enlightened and intelligent Germans, leaving out of account for the moment (1) the unreasonable aspiration of German jingoes, or (2) the unrealizable hopes of those very few persons in Germany (as compared with England) who want nothing in the way of political expansion, and who think that the best policy for the German Empire at the present moment would be to confine her attention solely to the internal welfare of Germany, abandoning all ambition to influence, control, or direct the affairs of less ad-

vanced communities beyond her frontiers.

And the average expression of opinion begins thus: That Great Britain has, during the last ten years, made all possible use of her diplomacy and finance to deny to Germany and Austria, combined, any great Imperial expansion or colonial development. According to my German friend, the hypocrisy of the British press and British statesmen in this direction exasperates them more even than plain-spoken intentions. It reminds some of them who have read *Punch*—and *Punch* has a great circulation in Germany—of a picture drawn by Reginald Cleaver some ten years ago. A daughter is pleading with her middle-aged mother in the park. "Mother, why mayn't I go to the ball?" The mother replies, "My dear, I have been through all that sort of thing, and now see the vanity of it all." And the daughter, "But mayn't I see the vanity too?"

Of late Germany has been assured by various politicians in Britain, France and Russia that their respective countries find the burden of empire very heavy, the task of educating backward peoples most ungrateful, and in the long run unprofitable. Let Germany take warning and remain happy and comfortable within her own boundaries, giving up as an *ignis fatuus* any idea of considerable Imperial expansion, lest she should be landed here and there, as her three advisers have been in the course of history, in some slough of insurrection or *impasse* of colonial wars. Nevertheless, while tendering this advice to the German people, while mentioning that they have reached the limits of their own expansion, and if they could do so with honor would retire even from much they have got, Britain, France, and Russia go on taking under their control as fast as they can all the undeveloped portions of the globe on which they can lay hands without

any serious conflict with a first-class Power, sorting out and swallowing oysters of the largest size while shedding tears over their defective digestions. "Thus" (say the Germans), "while you were holding up shocked hands and delivering portentous speeches over the iniquity of Austria in formally annexing two provinces which, with the consent of Europe and Turkey she had occupied and administered for thirty years, you—Britain—were actually forcing on Turkey an agreement in regard to Aden and the Aden hinterland which gave you a prescriptive right to about one-third of Arabia between the island of Perim and the Bahrein Archipelago of the Persian Gulf; while France was taking measures to circumscribe within the narrowest possible limits the Turkish province of Tripoli, and Britain and Russia were commencing to divide Persia between them." Undoubtedly the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina was directly prompted by German diplomacy, as a step in the direction of an Austro-German advance of control over the Balkan Peninsula. Even to have suggested such a thing in print at that time in the British press would have been difficult; it would have been regarded as so shocking, such an outrage on international amenities, &c. Yet an Anglo-Russian partition of Persia is not to be counted as an outrage at all, but as "a course of action imposed on Britain and Russia by supreme political necessity"—Russia compelled to find an outlet to warm seas for her commerce and maritime enterprise, and Britain unable to disregard the close historical connection between Southern Persia and India, and the danger of allowing Southern Persia to lapse into anarchy—a very real danger on account of Afghanistan—or to fall a prey to a European Power, a contingency not only to be deprecated in connection with the politics of the Indian Empire, but likely to be unfair in its results to the sixty-

years-old investments of British trade. Although Germany may not as yet officially have recognized the joint Anglo-Russian condominium in Persia, sensible Germans are quite willing to admit that (given all the circumstances of the case) neither Russia nor Britain could have acted otherwise in regard to Persia. Control over Persia is as necessary to the existence and welfare of these great Empires as the control over Egypt is to that of Great Britain, or that over Morocco to French North Africa. But what Germany complains of with bitterness is that similar adventures are denied to *her* by the Powers of the Triple Entente. Every financial and political obstacle has been put in her way by Britain and France as regards the construction of the Bagdad railway. Only the inability of Russia to fight at the last moment (say the Germans) prevented Britain and France, allied with Russia, urging on the Slav peoples of the Balkans to attack Austro-Hungary as a punishment for her having annexed two provinces which she had brought back to civilized life and happiness, quite as much as England has done in regard to Egypt, or France in regard to Tunis.

The people of the German Empire think they have been most unfairly treated of late years by the diplomacy of Britain and her friends. They realize that, conjoined with the now scarcely distinct Austrians, they can muster a total German-speaking population of seventy millions, foremost among the peoples of the world in their education, commerce, development of modern science and of social legislation. Trade *does* follow the flag, they realize, as we began to do thirty years ago. The foreign trade of Germany has undoubtedly owed much of its enormous increase to the fact that there was a German fleet ready and willing to defend her merchantmen, more especially in the ports of second

and third rate Powers. "Why," they ask, "should no heed be given when other Great Powers get together in secret conferences and divide between them the weaker or the undeveloped portions of the globe? Why in and as regards America should everything be settled now practically by a joint understanding between Britain and the United States? Why was Denmark some time ago forbidden to sell one or more West Indian Islands to the Germans as a depôt for their fleets in the New World? France, Holland and Denmark, as well as the British and American Empires, have harbors, coaling stations and colonies in the New World which—especially in the tropical portions—serve as valuable rendezvous for their commerce; why should it be tacitly laid down that if Germany by purchase attempted likewise to get a coaling station or a harbor of refuge, it would be equivalent to a *casus belli* with the Anglo-Saxon world? In Asia, England and France may for a time quarrel over the fate of Siam, but once they come to a private agreement both of them can without blinking take over huge provinces of the former Siamese Empire, whereas if Germany even attempted to acquire a coaling station in this direction for her Far Eastern commerce, she would provoke a joint ultimatum. Germans remember with indignation the way in which their Emperor was rated for his Chinese policy, while at the same time Britain and France were laying hands on all the territories they could clutch along the coasts of the Flowery Kingdom, and Russia was taking steps to annex the whole of Manchuria, a portion of which has since been wrested from her by her now friend and ally, Japan. For sixty years and more the Hanse towns of Germany had built up a remarkable commerce (the house of Godefroy has become historical) in

the Pacific archipelagoes; yet German attempts to secure trifling footholds in any part of the Pacific Islands not already annexed by Spain, England and France, were regarded as directly hostile to British interests by the British Government and press."

German wrath, perhaps, reached the point of ebullition when Britain and France arranged between themselves, without reference to any third Power, what was practically the last partition of Africa; the recognition of exclusive British interests in Egypt and the handing over of Morocco to France, followed soon afterwards by a joint Anglo-Franco-Italian understanding in regard to Abyssinia and Somaliland, and an intimation to Germany of "hands off" in reference to Liberia.¹ The attitude then not only adopted by the German Emperor, but to some extent forced on him by public opinion in Germany, was that the world was not henceforth to be divided up into the Spheres of influence, Protectorates, or Colonies of the United States and the British Empire, France, Russia and Italy without some regard being paid to the German factor, the hundred and eight millions of vigorous, highly-educated white peoples of the allied Empires of Germany and Austro-Hungary.

"If," said to me my German interlocutors, "if when making these arrangements Germany and Austria had been given clearly to understand that the supremacy of German and Austro-Hungarian interests in the Balkan Peninsula and throughout the greater part of Asia Minor and Mesopotamia was fully recognized by the Powers of the Triple Understanding, there would probably have been no Morocco incident, no sticks put between the spokes of British and French wheels in Egypt or Ethiopia, in the Far East, or at the Court of Teheran."

¹ I am here quoting German views without asserting that they are well founded.—H.H.J.

Now we come to the crux of the problem. Germany, Austrian Germany, Hungary, and even the Slav States of the Austrian Empire are resolved—like us, like France and Russia—to play a great part in the future history of the Old World. They propose as their theatre of political influence, commercial expansion, and agricultural experiments, the undeveloped lands of the Balkan Peninsula, of Asia Minor, and of Mesopotamia, down even to the mouth of the Euphrates. They might be willing, in agreement with the rest of the world, to create an Eastern Belgium in Syria-Palestine—perhaps a Jewish State—which, merely by the fact of its being charged with the safe-keeping of the holy places of Christianity, would quite possibly become undominationally Christian. A Turkish sultanate might continue to exist in Asia Minor, just as there will probably be for centuries a king or queen of the Netherlands, of Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Bulgaria, and Roumania; but German influence at Constantinople would become supreme, whether or not it was under the black-white-and-red flag or under the Crescent and Star ensign of Byzantium.

"Why should this worry you?" say the Germans. "Why should you think of imposing gigantic burdens on your peoples in all parts of the globe to maintain a navy and perchance build up an army strong enough to prevent the extension of predominant German influence from the mouth of the Rhine to the mouth of the Danube, to the Bosphorus and the Euphrates? Equally, why should this eventuality mean for France a frightful loss of life and a hopeless struggle? It is Russia who will object the most. Well, leave Russia to us in this respect, that we may come to terms with her; either by negotiation (as we hope) or by a trial of strength. We regard Russia as more

unreasonable in the matter of German ambitions than even Britain and France. Russia-in-Europe is almost the size of the whole rest of Europe, and includes millions of acres of an alluvial soil of inexhaustible richness, which could, with decent political and sanitary conditions of life, with education and other civilized developments, maintain a Slav population of three hundred millions. Siberia is another Canada—an extraordinary parallel to Canada in its flora and fauna, its mineral deposits, its climate, and its future developments. Like Canada, it will come in time to be one of the principal sources of world-foods, of forest products. Russian Asia has almost limitless possibilities, enough to satisfy the greediest ambition of a people far more numerous, far better educated, far more politically advanced, than that of modern Russia. Germany, moreover, would see without surprise or protest a Russian control over Chinese Mongolia and Turkestan; in those directions, as in Persia, the matter of Russian expansion would be one commensurate with Russian strength and the collateral interests of Britain and Japan, or the future evolution of China. Is Russia, in addition, to claim to be the suzerain of Bulgaria, the future occupant of Constantinople and mistress of Asia Minor? This we should regard as preposterously unreasonable—a *casus belli*, in fact. We are quite prepared to admit the delicate and peculiar geographical restrictions of Russia. If she would come to terms with us about Constantinople and about our influence predominating generally over much of the Turkish Empire, we on our part would give her the fullest guarantees regarding the independence of Denmark and, consequently, the free ingress and egress of the Baltic Sea; and, on the other hand, would perhaps admit the right of Russia to an *enclave* on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus,

to a sphere of influence over Trebizond and Northern Armenia, besides recognizing the special need of Russia to obtain access to the Persian Gulf through Northern and Western Persia.

"So much for Russia. In regard to England, we would recall a phrase dropped by ex-President Roosevelt at an important public speech in London—a phrase which for some reason was not reported by the London press. Roosevelt said: 'The best guarantee for Great Britain on the Nile is the presence of Germany on the Euphrates.' Putting aside the usual hypocrisies of the Teutonic peoples, you know that that is so. You know that we ought to make common cause in our dealings with the backward races of the world. Neither you nor we are as foolish and as uninstructed as we were in the beginnings of our Colonial expansion. We no longer establish our political control over Egypt, India, Negro Africa, Persia, or Siamese Malaysia to dispossess dynasties or with the idea of taking away the land from the people, or even the natural wealth of the waste lands from the administration of the State in which they are found. Impelled more by some inexplicable instinct, which has been in the white man from all time onwards, we white nations are seeking to control and develop the misgoverned, uncivilized, or savage parts of the world. In so doing we improve ourselves also in knowledge and in education, we enlarge our means of scientific research and the expansion of our commerce without any really unfair treatment of the races we are attempting to influence or to govern. You have shown in your Colonial Empire, and are showing increasingly, that where a backward people ceases to remain in a condition of disorder or ignorance you can enlarge its political horizon, and, indeed, educate it towards eventual autonomy and self-government. If that had not been your pur-

pose in Egypt your position there would not have won the world-wide respect that it has done. The antithesis of this policy is that for ever rendered infamous by the late King of the Belgians in regard to the Congo. This has been the most valuable object-lesson of 'what to avoid' in Colonial policy, and a proceeding to which, we are happy to think, there is no parallel to be found in German Africa.

"Let Britain and Germany once come to an agreement in regard to the question of the Nearer East and the world can scarcely again be disturbed by any great war in any part of the globe, if such a war is contrary to the commercial interests of the two Empires. And both alike will become increasingly allied to the United States of America, to which they are severally the main contributors in emigrant population from the eighteenth century onwards. But, of course, this Anglo-German understanding would include (whether it were publicly expressed or not) a recognition on the part of Britain that henceforth the kingdom of the Netherlands must, by means of a very strict alliance, come within the German sphere. We have already brought pressure to bear on the Dutch Government to ensure this. We intend to stand no nonsense or to admit no tergiversation in this respect. So long as Holland consents to be more nearly allied with the German Empire than with any other Power, so long its dynasty, its internal independence, and the governance of its oversea possessions (in the which more and more German capital is being sunk annually) will remain completely undisturbed. But you may take it from us that an alliance for offensive and defensive purposes now exists between Holland and Germany, and that the foreign policy of the two nations will henceforth be as closely allied as is that of Germany and Austria.

"Belgium is a different matter alto-

gether. We are sufficiently educated in geography to realize that any close union or alliance, and still more any invasion of Belgium, on our part would be for you a legitimate *casus belli*, as it should also be for France. Of course, if you drive us to extremes and block us in all other directions, we may put the whole question to the test when the right opportunity comes by occupying Belgium (and Holland), by throwing down the gage of battle to France; and, as the outcome of victory, incorporate within the German sphere not only Holland and Belgium but also Picardy. That would be our way of commencing the duel with Great Britain. We should not be so idiotic as to venture a *corps d'armée* on transports across the North Sea before we had smashed the British Navy; and the smashing of the British Navy within the next thirty years seems to us such an impossibility as not to enter within the limit of any reasonable military programme. But we should make use of our navy to defend the approaches to Holland, Belgium, and Denmark, and we ask you what sort of efforts you would have to make in the way of army organization to be able, even in alliance with France and Russia, to turn us out of the Low Countries if you compelled us to occupy them. Of course, we should suffer terribly in this struggle. We suffered terribly in our 1870-71 war with France, but the results have been of incalculable benefit to the German peoples.

"Yet we admit that such a war would be an almost complete arrest of civilization in the Old World. Not only should we and you do our utmost to prevent such an eventuality coming about, but we should strive on both sides to be reasonable in negotiating the terms of an agreement which might render any such struggle impossible, might even put war between us and any other European Power of magnitude out of the question; while thus all the

great white Powers of Europe and America could unite in their purpose, jointly and severally, of bringing the whole world under civilized control, and only turn their armed forces henceforth against reaction at home or abroad."

With regard to France and any objections which might be raised in that country to the consequences of an Anglo-German understanding, I have heard some Germans suggest that Metz and the small district of French-speaking Lorraine should be restored to France, and that guarantees of the most unequivocal character should be given in regard to the neutrality, independence, and complete separation from the German sphere of the Kingdom of Belgium and the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. Others again, with a view to placating Russian interest in the similar independence of Denmark (and consequently the control of access to the Baltic), have suggested that the original terms of the 1864 Treaty should be generously carried out and the Danish-speaking district of Hadersleben in Northern Slesvig be restored to Denmark. But these are the utmost concessions that are ever hinted at even by the most liberal-minded. Any suggestion of the retrocession of Elsass and German Lorraine, and the good-natured German face sets into flint or iron.

I have striven in all the foregoing passages to give, *not* my own opinions, but the views of representative Germans in regard to the bases of an understanding between Germany and the leading Powers of Europe. If it serves no other purpose, it will do that of setting forth quite clearly the ambitions and the intentions present in the minds of educated and thoughtful people in the German Empire. As I have said before, there are others who are rancorous and even ignorant or ill-informed

in their views about Great Britain and British policy, and who would demand from the world at large the creation of a Greater Germany, so unjust to the rights and ambitions of the Latin, Slav, and Anglo-Saxon peoples as to raise against Germany such a European coalition as finally crushed a hundred years ago the overweening ambition of France. But for us to go to the opposite extreme and pretend that all is well, that Germany and Austria are quite content with the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, that there is no convention existing or about to exist between the Netherlands and Germany, and that Germany and Austria are building fleets and training armies merely to find an outlet for their taxpayers' money and the energies of their people, is dangerously ridiculous. Surely—as I ventured to remark in a recent address to a German audience—there must be a point beyond which the pressure of German ambition is foolish, but short of which the constraint of Germany by the Triple Entente is economically unwise. If only this point could be quickly determined by a formal or informal conference of diplo-

The Nineteenth Century and After.

matists, and a complete understanding arrived at which removed any conceivable cause of quarrel between Britain and Germany, France and Germany, or Russia and Germany, the burdens of many millions of white people would be sensibly lightened and the civilization of many other millions of backward or savage peoples be appreciably brought nearer to an achievement.

Those politicians on both sides who are advocating a hundred million loan for the increase of the British Navy should, before pressing the acceptance of this proposition on the taxpaying public, be in a position to assure us that every effort has been made to come to a political understanding with Germany, carrying with it some limitation of armaments; and that such efforts, through no fault, no unreasonableness, on the part of the British negotiators, have completely failed. We should be told at the same time what Germany asked and what we felt unable to grant, and the intelligent public in the three kingdoms should decide whether our negotiators were in the right or whether they were to blame.

H. H. Johnston.

THE THEATRICAL SITUATION.

Eighteen months ago—that is to say, in the spring of 1909—some sanguine people imagined that a new era was about to dawn in the history of the English stage. The Repertory Theatre had for years been vaunted as the sovereign cure for all the ills that afflicted our theatrical life; and here were Mr. Herbert Trench and Mr. Charles Frohman tumbling over each other's heels in their eagerness to announce their intention of establishing each his Repertory Theatre in the coming season. It was even argued that there could now be no need for a National Theatre,

since here was private enterprise—and the enterprise of so noted a business man as Mr. Frohman—promising to supply us with all that heart could desire.

The months that have elapsed, though far from lacking in interest, have brought a certain disillusionment. In the first place, Mr. Trench's enterprise was changed at birth, or before birth, and came into the world a long-run theatre. It did exceptionally meritorious and even adventurous work, which would scarcely have been possible for a manager without a long purse be-

bind him; and in so far it proved the advantages of endowment. The *Blue Birds* of the drama may succeed, and that conspicuously, but the management which is to capture them must not have the bankruptcy court for ever before its eyes. And Mr. Trench's adventure, fortunate as it was, proved also another thing; the enormous difficulty, amounting to impossibility, of running a repertory on a stage designed and adapted for long runs. No one who saw his productions of *King Lear* and *The Blue Bird* could wonder at his recoiling from the bare notion of alternating these plays with others three or four times a week. The labor of unmounting and remounting such great productions would have been gigantic; and yet it could not be said that either was overmounted. Here was a proof, then, of what every one who had paid any attention to the matter knew beforehand; namely, that in order to run a repertory which should include any plays of a romantic and scenic order, it was absolutely necessary to possess such stage-room and stage-mechanism as no existing London theatre could supply.

We welcome in Mr. Trench a manager of fine intelligence and happy initiative; but it is clear that no renovation of existing methods is to be expected at the Haymarket.

What, now, of Mr. Frohman's enterprise? What of his achievement? It demands a rather closer examination.

Mr. Frohman gallantly stuck to his colors, and gave us a repertory season in the full sense of the word, and a season of extraordinary interest. Moreover, he promises another for next spring, and no doubt he will keep his promise in one form or another; though it remains to be seen whether he will adhere closely to the central principle of the repertory system—the constant alternation of plays. It is no secret, however—for he has himself confessed

as much—that he ran the Repertory Theatre at a heavy loss. Nor can it be said with any plausibility that this was only an initial loss, such as might naturally be incurred in the course of accustoming the public to a new system. The novelty of the system probably cut two ways: it might disconcert some playgoers to have to be at the trouble of ascertaining on what particular nights a particular play was given; but on the other hand, the new method attracted attention and helped to advertise the enterprise. One cannot reasonably maintain, in short, that Mr. Frohman was educating his public and that, in pursuing an exactly similar policy during another season or seasons, he would have a better chance of success. There was something radically wrong, I think, with the policy pursued, and in trying to discover where the mistake or mistakes lay, we may perhaps be able to form some judgment as to whether, and how far, we ought to be discouraged by the financial failure of an enterprise on the face of it so promising.

We cannot be content with the simple explanation that it is impossible, under present financial conditions, for a Repertory Theatre to pay its way in London. That is in all probability true as regards a Repertory Theatre on a large scale, capable of presenting Shakespeare and the romantic drama as well as modern plays—a theatre in which Mr. Trench's and Mr. Frohman's programs should be combined. Such a theatre is the ideal centre and focus of a nation's dramatic culture; and it is the belief that it must be paid for, and is well worth paying for, that inspires the present National Theatre movement. It does not at all follow that a Repertory Theatre on a smaller scale, freeing one department of drama from the paralyzing influence of the long-run system, might not be

made self-supporting. Mr. Frohman evidently thought it might, or he would not have embarked on his Duke of York's venture. Does the experience of his single season prove that he was absolutely wrong, or only that he set about things in a wrong way?

To answer this question conclusively, one would have to examine a full balance-sheet of the Duke of York's theatre, showing the receipts night by night and play by play, the rent and taxes, the artists' salary-list, the outlay on scenery and costumes, the administrative expenses, the expenses of working the stage, the advertising expenses, &c. It would be a very public-spirited thing on Mr. Frohman's part to publish such a balance-sheet, though probably both authors and actors would object to his entering into the details requisite to make it completely illuminating. In the absence of such data, we can only proceed by inference from known facts. Perhaps it may be well to remark that I have no "inside information," but write entirely from the standpoint of the outside observer.

The first observation that suggests itself is pretty fundamental. The enterprise lacked one rather important requisite for success in any business undertaking, but especially in one that breaks with established routine—it lacked a manager. What about Mr. Frohman himself? Mr. Frohman is, as all the world knows, a Napoleon of the theatre; but even a Napoleon, though he may outline the strategy of half a dozen great campaigns, cannot be responsible for the tactics of all of them. He must trust to his marshals for operations that do not come under his immediate eye; and at the Duke of York's, though there were several brigadier-generals, there was apparently no marshal. It may be said that Napoleon himself was on the spot during the greater part of the campaign. Yes; but not, I think, during the planning

and organizing of it. He appears to have given a free hand to the aforesaid brigadier-generals, just at the time when one scheming and directing brain was most imperatively needed. Then, when the thing had shaped itself somehow, under no single and responsible direction, Napoleon himself appeared on the scene, and, having made no adequate study of the tactics adapted to this peculiar form of operations, proceeded to apply the large Napoleonic methods which had brought two continents to his feet, but which happened to be quite inapplicable to the particular problem before him.

To drop metaphor, it is plain—is it not?—that the first step towards success in any such undertaking would be the drawing up of a careful budget, and the proportioning of expenses to probable receipts. I am greatly mistaken if any such process was ever attempted at the Duke of York's. Long before the season opened, it was manifest from the preliminary announcements that an effort was being made to combine two incompatible systems, and to run a repertory theatre with a star company. One tried to imagine that the undertaking might not be so desperate as it seemed: that Mr. Frohman had hit upon some adroit plan for utilizing at the Duke of York's the unemployed fringe, so to speak, of the great band of artists always enrolled under his banner, so that the actual salary-list of the repertory company might not, after all, prove so formidable as it promised to be. But in fact it would seem that no such plan existed, or that, if it existed, it did not work. It is quite evident that the salary-list at the Duke of York's must all the time have stood at a level which could leave but a small margin of profit even if the theatre were constantly full. This method might, no doubt, have justified itself had the attraction of the stars potently reinforced the attraction of the plays.

But experience showed, I take it, that the stars were of no particular value to the enterprise. They did not attract to the repertory performances their ordinary long-run public; and the public which did, in fact, come to see them, was not impressed by their stellar glory, but regarded simply the merit of the work then and there done and performed. This neglect of economy may be called either generosity or recklessness, as we choose to look at it; but at any rate it was not good business.

Whether the same profuseness reigned in the administrative and technical departments, I have no means of knowing; but it would be rather surprising if it did not. The exchequer was not controlled by anyone who was specially interested in the success of the repertory system as opposed to the long-run system. I do not doubt that Mr. Frohman was loyally enough served in all departments; but the real chance of success would have lain in having the whole financial side of the enterprise organized and carefully supervised by a capable man of business who had staked his own reputation and prosperity on that particular experiment. As it is, human nature being what we know it, most of the officials probably viewed with perfect equanimity the likelihood of a reversion to the familiar and far easier long-run routine.

To put the matter in a slightly different form, we may lay it down as an axiom that a repertory theatre cannot succeed if the plays are cast just as they would be for a long run, and the theatre is worked as nearly as possible on the long-run system. What was the secret of the success of the Vedrenne-Barker management of the Court Theatre? It lay very largely, beyond a doubt, in the skill with which new and cheap talent was utilized and developed. The management showed a quite wonderful knack of discovering

excellent actors whom no one had ever heard of before. Several of these artists were prominent in the Duke of York's company, but doubtless at salaries very different from those which they drew in Sloane Square.

And if the lack of individual, painstaking, far-seeing management was manifest in the composition of the company, what are we to say of the selection of plays? Simply that there was no selection at all, in the sense of an endeavor to reconcile the claims of art with those of the treasury. Mr. Frohman, like the sportsman he is, placed himself in the hands of a small group of playwrights, saying, "Do the best you can for me, and let us see what comes of it." This was exceedingly liberal and spirited, but it was not the way to manage a repertory theatre. It was, in fact, leaving the theatre to manage itself, which no theatre has yet succeeded in doing. The result was an opening program which looked, and indeed was, extraordinarily interesting, but in which the chances of popularity were as gaily ignored as though the purse of the Czar or the Kaiser had been behind the enterprise.

This opening program consisted of *Justice*, by John Galsworthy, *Misalliance*, by Mr. Bernard Shaw, a Meredith-Barrie triple bill, and *The Madras House*, by Mr. Granville Barker. What would any man of sound insight and experience, with the manuscripts of these plays before him, have predicted with regard to the fortune awaiting them? He would have said, I think, "There is twenty-five per cent. of probable success in this list, twenty-five per cent. of possible but very doubtful success, fifty per cent. of almost certain failure." Now, in an enterprise at all judiciously managed, the proportions should have been just reversed: given fifty per cent. of tolerably assured success, it might have been possible to

face, in the cause of art, twenty-five per cent. of honorable failure.

Justice ought certainly to have been a great success; and surely, though its tale of performances was not very long, it must at least have been a fairly remunerative production. If it was not, I admit that there is here some reason for discouragement. A play so original and admirable in its technique, so humane in its spirit, so perfect in its staging, ought certainly to have found a very large public. If it did not, the main fault probably lay with the Press, which is always apt to mar the chances of any serious play by dwelling disproportionately upon its gloom. The average critic is curiously eager to play down to his readers' foibles, instead of doing his best to counteract them. This tendency was, I think, observable in the criticism, not only of Mr. Galsworthy's play, but of other productions of the Repertory Theatre.

We may assume, I fancy, that the other three productions on the opening list were all failures, except in so far as one item in the triple bill, Mr. Barrie's *Twelve-Pound Look*, survived the prompt extinction of the other two. Are we, then, to regard as ominous and depressing the ill-success of the other plays and playlets? For my part, I decline to take any such view. A repertory theatre is not a mechanism for making dramatists of authors who are not dramatists at all, or for enabling authors who are dramatists to ignore with impunity the essential conditions of their craft.

From the financial point of view, it was simple madness to place the Meredith fragment on the stage. It might have been worth while to present it at one or two matinées, as a homage to the memory of a great man; but it seems very doubtful whether it be a kindness to any man, great or small, to launch his work in an element to which it is congenitally ill-adapted. The

play (even apart from its fragmentary condition) was like a crank, unseaworthy boat, or an aeroplane with giant wings, but no motor. It glided with a certain grace, but downwards, downwards. Did anyone really imagine that the public would be attracted in large numbers by such a spectacle? It was not even desirable that this should be the case, for it would have been no sign of intelligence on the part of the public. The first essential of the *intelletto del teatro* is the ability to distinguish between literary merit in general, and the particular form of literary merit which we call dramatic. To confound these two things is to go hopelessly astray; and that is the constant tendency of theatrical idealism in the Anglo-Saxon world. It is an ill service to the art of the theatre to produce pieces which (however interesting as curiosities) neither can nor ought to succeed, and then to cry out because they fail. The late Francisque Sarcey was not, perhaps, a very enlightened spirit, but his pet phrase, *ça n'est pas du théâtre*, has been too much ridiculed. He sometimes applied the phrase wrongly, but that is not to say that it ought not to be used at all. The first qualification for a manager, however enlightened and progressive, is to know what, for his age and generation, is *du théâtre*, and what is not. And no less important is the will to act upon that knowledge, without fear or favor.

What, now, of *Misalliance*? To say that it was bound to fail would be to go too far; but the chances were heavily against it. "A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it;" and this play was simply a wild, extravagant, irresponsible jest. I speak with no personal prejudice, for I happened to be one of those in whose ears the jest prospered. I enjoyed it on the whole, though there were times when I wearied of my very enjoyment. But to

say of those who did not enjoy it—whose tastes in jokes differed from Mr. Shaw's and mine—that they therein showed themselves unintelligent and incapable of appreciating the forward movement of English drama, would be to say what is flagrantly untrue. *Misalliance* was not in the movement at all. It had no place in any sane process of evolution. It was the personal prank of a brilliant, self-willed intellect, written in deliberate defiance of public taste, and of all the laws, I will not say of dramatic art, but of theatrical prudence. If you will fling your glove in the teeth of the public, it is possible that they may laugh and take it as a mighty good joke; but you must not be surprised if they wince and turn away. *The Doctor's Dilemma* was the last play in which Mr. Shaw put himself to the trouble of invention, of construction, of any serious attempt at the objective portrayal of life and character. In *Getting Married* and in *Misalliance* he simply let the brownies of his brain fantasticate at large. The success of *Misalliance* would have shown a great open-mindedness in a large class of theatre-goers, and a surprising power of purely intellectual appreciation; but it could not have been cited as evidence of any specifically dramatic insight or receptivity. Conversely, its failure said nothing either for or against the dramatic taste of the public. It was neither here nor there.

Very different is the case of *The Madras House*, by Mr. Granville Barker. This play was as solid and serious as *Misalliance* was flimsy and flighty. It was an extremely able and original piece of work. The third act, with its brilliant study of American "mentality," was almost comparable, in depth and richness of workmanship, to the third act of the same author's *Waste*. But not even Mr. Barker's talent can defy the ineluctable conditions of the theatre. One of these is that he

who innovates in technique does so at his peril. He runs counter to the expectations of his audience, who may resent having to re-adjust their minds to a new method. In the event, the new method may triumphantly justify itself, but only after it has run the gauntlet of perturbed and irritated criticism. Now Mr. Barker's technique was undeniably new. He did not tell a definite story, with a beginning, middle and end, but he wandered around, as it were, in a fortuitously inter-related group of personages, studying various aspects of the character and destiny of modern womankind. In my view, with one reserve to be presently stated, the innovation was an extremely happy one. The first three acts were entirely dramatic in the only essential signification of the word: that is to say, they showed character unfolding itself at high pressure. Though I had not the slightest knowledge of what was to be expected, I never for a moment missed a continuous story, or felt the action rambling or tedious. In other words, I instantly adjusted myself to the novelty of the method. But if others did not—and the Press next day showed several instances of very imperfect adjustment—I do not think the author had any right to complain. It was the fortune of war, the destiny of the pioneer. You cannot both eat your cake and have it; you cannot be at once daring and safe. In some quarters, indeed, there may have appeared a lack of reasonable effort or desire to effect the necessary adjustment; but rooted conservatism is a force with which the innovator has always and everywhere to reckon. No doubt many critics sincerely felt the play to be "an abuse of the process of the theatre" and, feeling so, what else could they do but say so?

But Mr. Barker had contrived to fall athwart another ineluctable condition of the theatre, which is that, with rare

exceptions, a play stands or falls by its last act. His last act may or may not have been good in itself; but, somehow or other, it failed to get across the foot-lights. I have at this moment only the vaguest idea of its matter and intention; the only point on which I am quite sure is that it wholly lacked the grip which, in the other three, had never for a moment slackened. As it proceeded, one could feel one's attention, with that of the whole audience, constantly flagging and flagging. The acting may perhaps have been partly, but cannot have been wholly, to blame. But for this last act, one would be inclined to predict a glorious resurrection for *The Madras House*; and even in spite of the last act it may yet hold up its head on the stage. Stranger things have happened; but if its resurrection is to come, it must not be too long delayed. In all its abounding cleverness, it is a play of the period, representing a passing phase of its author's development. Some day, if all goes well, his thought will clarify, his vision enlarge, and, ceasing, perhaps, to be clever, he will become profoundly and simply human. No writer of our time has in him more of the makings of a great dramatist.

Let us return, now, to the point of view of the judicious manager preparing his repertory campaign. Suppose his chief of staff had submitted to him the opening program we have just been reviewing, what would he have said? Surely something like this: "No, no; we cannot start off without some more chances in our favor than I see in these plays. Galworthy, yes; I am quite willing to open with *Justice*. But to make the Meredith fragment the main item in a triple bill would be to court disaster. As for Bernard Shaw, pray tell him from me that I am not going into this business *pour rive*. If he will bring me a *Doctor's Dilemma* or a *John Bull's Other Island*, or anything 'that has

some relish of salvation in't,' I will put it on at once; but I cannot venture upon a joke that would probably exasperate far more people than it would please. Barker—well, yes; if we can find two tolerably safe cards to follow *Justice*, I think we might risk *The Madras House*. It would, at any rate, be a creditable failure. But we must really suggest to him that he ought to screw up that last act of his a peg or two. I know these clever young men are horribly impracticable; but at least he shan't say that I didn't warn him. Now the thing is to find those two other plays. If they are not to be had, we must postpone the whole business. Why should we throw things back by starting hopelessly handicapped?"

It is easy, no doubt, to be wise after the event; but it needed no superhuman wisdom to discern beforehand that a repertory theatre must be conducted with a strict eye to economy, and must not be left to manage itself in regard to the selection of plays. These two conditions having been ignored at the Duke of York's, the resultant disappointment need neither surprise nor greatly depress us. I fancy, too—but here I speak without definite knowledge—that if Mr. Frohman had made any real study of repertory management, he might have tried to nurse into success such plays as *Misalliance* and *The Madras House*. He certainly gave them very short shrift. The fate of the season was sealed by its first four productions; but its later history was, on the whole, quite encouraging. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the success of *Trelawny of the Wells*, a revival in which the Repertory Theatre fulfilled one of its most important functions, and met with due reward. *Pru-nella* and *The Twelve-Pound Look*, a delightfully composed bill, proved highly attractive; and that very able little play, *Chains*, by Miss Elizabeth Baker,

met with such a reception as to make one regret that it was not produced earlier in the season. On the whole, the adventure proved that there is nothing in the repertory system inherently repugnant to the tastes or prejudices of the British public, and that, so long as impossibly heavy productions are eschewed, the mechanical difficulties are not insuperable. It also proved that a Napoleon of the theatre ought not to attempt a repertory campaign, unless he has a judicious marshal to place in supreme and responsible command.

But now we come to the really serious feature of the situation. Neither at the Repertory Theatre nor elsewhere did the past season bring any very conspicuous success for English plays of the better class; and, though the apparent set-back was in all likelihood no more than a temporary fluctuation, it unfortunately coincided with a sort of revival in French drama, which our theatrical speculators have been only too quick to perceive and too eager to profit by. That their golden visions will be realized I am far from believing; but it seems as though we had to look forward to a recrudescence of that plague of "adaptation from the French" which, for something like three-quarters of a century, reduced the British stage to technical and intellectual ineptitude.

How far is the apparent revival of French drama a real one? To that question I have no very definite answer, for I have not closely followed the movement beyond the Channel. But this is how it roughly represents itself to me: The influence of Naturalism, reaching the stage through the *Théâtre Libre* and similar enterprises, begot a generation of playwrights which deserted the Scribe-Sardou technique in favor of more supple and subtle methods. The "well-made" intrigue was almost abandoned, partly, no doubt,

because the masters who had excelled in it were either dead or in their dotage. The new generation did, as a matter of fact, get closer to life than their predecessors; but they were not men of great creative genius, so it remained an open question whether the new century had brought an advance or a decline in French drama. But one thing was certain: as French dramatists paid less attention to the skeleton of their plays, and more to the living tissue, it became more and more impossible to translate and adapt them. An ingenious plot has a certain inherent interest, even though the personages concerned in it are either frankly foreign to us, or are forced, in defiance of all truth and plausibility, into grotesquely ill-fitting English habiliments. But when the interest of a play resides, not in its plot, but in its study of French characters, sentiments or manners, it is almost impossible to render it attractive to the mass of playgoers in a foreign country. Therefore, the comedies of Porto Riche, Donnay, Lavedan, Capus, met with little or no acceptance on this side of the Channel. The plays of Brieux and Hervieu seemed a little more exportable, and some attempt was made to acclimatize one or two of them, but with small success. For ten years or so, it seemed as though England had definitely declared its theatrical independence of France.

But in these electric times, a generation can no longer be reckoned at thirty years. The new generation of 1895 is already being elbowed aside, in Paris, by a still newer generation; and here lies the danger, so far as England is concerned. For the tendency of the late-comers is, not exactly to revert to the well-made play, but to elaborate with all their might the violent and sensational situation. The harbinger of the group was, I take it, M. Henri Bernstein, a master of sheer theatricalism, who did much to re-establish the

French export trade. But he has been outdone in the art of elaborating "strong" situations by M. Henry Bataille and others; so that the French theatre is now very largely given over to orgies of crude excitement and emotion. M. Bataille's play, *La Vierge Folle*, may be taken as a typical example of this tendency. By giving to three of his characters passions of unbridled violence, and to a fourth the most superhuman self-devotion, the author has succeeded in constructing a fable in which, beyond a doubt, thrill follows thrill with epileptic frequency. In the mere art of screwing up a situation so as to wring from it the last drop of excitement, Sardou, I think, would have to confess himself outdone by M. Bataille; and several contemporary playwrights are devoting themselves, with scarcely inferior success, to the same art. Nor can it be denied that there is more flesh and blood in their works than there was in the "well-made" machines of thirty years ago. I am not sure that, from the French point of view, the movement is altogether to be regretted; but I do not pretend to guess where posterity will rank M. Bataille in relation (say) to his predecessor, Alexandre Dumas, and his semi-contemporary, Paul Hervieu. All I know is that his works and those of his fellow situation-mongers are, from the English point of view, a distinctly disquieting element in the situation.

For high-wrought scenes of violent emotion possess a fatal charm for the speculative manager and the actor in quest of a big part. It matters nothing to them that the psychology and the ethics on which these scenes depend are entirely foreign, and generally repellent, to the British temperament. Their motto is "Anything for a thrill." If it is at all possible to force a play into British costumes—and, for preference, into British uniforms—they will do so at all hazards, though what-

ever truth the original may contain is thus reduced to hopeless and distressing falsity. It must be admitted, however, that the unreality is scarcely less glaring when the scene is left in France, and we see our dear, familiar British actors gallantly attempting to convert themselves into Frenchmen by dint of wearing flat-brimmed hats and flowing ties. Whether translated or adapted, the French drama of passion, transported to England, is always a nondescript monstrosity, and generally a vulgarity to boot. Yet behold! our speculators are girding up their loins for a systematic importation on a large scale of French dramas of passion; and though the plays of the Bernstein-Bataille school are doubtless the chief attraction, the importers are filling the crevices in their portmanteaus with comedies and farces as well. It almost looks as though, at one great glissade, we had slipped back to the 'seventies.

In reality it is not nearly so bad as that. I entertain a serene conviction that before a year is out a good many of our importers, syndicated or unsyndicated, will be wishing that they had dropped their portmanteaus overboard in mid-channel. A great deal of money is certain to be lost; and I shall be much surprised if, taking the Anglo-French transactions all round, the balance should prove to be on the credit side. Here and there a particularly fine piece of acting may make a success, as the genius of Miss Ethel Irving secured a long run for that dismal Anglo-Gallicism, *Dame Nature*. But adaptation, as a whole, is a precarious business, and the public is no longer accustomed, as it was in the 'seventies, to hold the theatre essentially and in its very nature the abode of what Matthew Arnold called "fantastic" unreality. It would be an "abhorrent miracle" if adaptation from the French were really to take hold of public taste, and permanently to oust original work from

the stage. But it seems highly probable that for a season or two, until the speculators have burnt their fingers and learnt their lesson, our dramatists may find their market seriously restricted. The West-End stage is, after all, a limited field, and still more limited is the number of theatres not annexed by musical farce. It is a serious matter for Tom, Dick and Harry to have to share their none too ample domain with Pierre et Jean. And though I am confident that the economic disturbance thus set up will be only temporary, the check to the artistic development of the public taste is a matter to be much less lightly regarded. Every French adaptation which succeeds, even if the original be a play of conspicuous merit, helps to blunt the public sense for reality and truth. To my mind, the long run of a play like *Dame Nature* is a much more depressing symptom than the short run of *Misalliance*, or even of *The Madras House*.

But though it is only human nature to be annoyed by stupidity and short-sightedness on the part either of speculators or of the public, it would be both stupid and short-sighted to be seriously cast down. The reality of the dramatic revival in these islands is too conspicuous to be for a moment in doubt. We stand too near the movement to measure with certainty its scope and significance, but it is assuredly too strong to be checked by one or two cross accidents, or by a craze on the part of a few theatrical tradesmen. The dramatic literature which can reckon among its serious writers the authors of *Mid-Channel*, *Justice*, and *The Madras House*, among its more whimsical talents the authors of *The Doctor's Dilemma* and *What Every Woman Knows*, and in its second line, so to speak, such playwrights as Mr. Maugham, Mr. Besler, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. John Masefield, Mr. McEvoy, Mr. Sutro, Miss Elizabeth Baker, can unquestionably

hold its own against any foreign invasion. And even if the outlook in London were gloomier than it is, the spectacle presented by the provinces ought to keep up our spirits. In almost every great centre of population we see a sturdy effort to react against the degradation and inanity of the local stage. The theatres established in Manchester by Miss Horniman and Mr. Iden Payne, and in Glasgow by Mr. Alfred Wareing, have not only presented to their audiences much of the best work done in London, but have been astonishingly successful in discovering and bringing to the front local dramatists of talent. This is, indeed, the most notable feature in the whole situation, and that which is least realized by those who keep their attention fixed solely on the London stage. It seems as though dramatic instinct and the faculty of dramatic expression were everywhere springing from the soil. Ireland, as we all know, has given birth to an extremely interesting dramatic literature of her own; and Lancashire and the Scottish Lowlands bid fair to follow suit. Even in country villages a strong dramatic impulse is manifesting itself; and the enthusiasm evoked by the pageant movement may perhaps be taken as another sign to show how the current is setting. At any rate, when we find Manchester and Glasgow producing plays of far more serious artistic quality than any that London could boast a quarter of a century ago, we cannot but feel that there is a new and stimulating element in the theatrical atmosphere. The people whose business it is to read plays in manuscript tell the same tale. The intellectual quality of the average unacted play has very distinctly risen during the past ten years. Sheer imbecility is comparatively rare among the would-be dramatists of to-day. Even in plays which never reach the stage, there is often such talent as would

make a more than respectable show in the fiction market. They remain unproduced, not because they are positively bad, but because they are "not quite good enough" to meet the exacting conditions of the modern theatre.

The social historian of the future will no doubt investigate the causes and conditions of this new birth of the dramatic instinct in Britain. What concerns us for the moment is to make sure of the ground we have gained, and to guard against any permanent setback. I do not, as before stated, feel any serious apprehension; but there are, it seems to me, two elements of danger in the situation. The first is the absence of a National Theatre; the second is the intransigence, so to speak, of the newer school of dramatists.

If we had a National Theatre—which would certainly bring in its train some more or less extensive and highly-developed system of Municipal Theatres—we could afford to regard with perfect equanimity the ever-recurring crazes of the theatrical speculator for any sort of foreign merchandise in which he scents "easy money." The National Theatre would be bound to give to the native dramatist just that reasonable preference which the showman-manager, for whom "art has no frontiers," denies him. The drama is an art which has, and cannot but have, very clearly-marked frontiers. Only in its highest and its lowest forms can it really bear exportation; and even then it suffers cruelly in the process. A National Theatre—and that term, I repeat, covers a great deal more than a single building—a National Theatre is an institution in which this fundamental principle is recognized, and in which the hunt for the nimble dollar is subordinated to the supreme duty of interpreting national life and thought. It is like the keel of the Ship of Drama—without it we are buffeted about by every shifting wind of taste and no-

taste; with it we can set a steady course, by the compass of reason, towards who knows what El Dorados of the soul.

In America, although the stirrings of national drama are not nearly so strong as they are here, the New Theatre has already established itself as a power for good in the dramatic life of New York. In spite of certain untoward circumstances with which it had to contend at the outset, it has steadily fought down hostility and scepticism, and has won its way to popular appreciation and esteem. It is now beginning its second season under the most favorable auspices. No survey of the theatrical situation would be complete which omitted to note the successful establishment, beyond the Atlantic, of what is practically a National Theatre.

Finally, there is an element of danger in what I have called the intransigence, not to say the intellectual arrogance, of some of our ablest playwrights; and this is likely to be accentuated rather than corrected by the insuccess of the Repertory Theatre. It is a grave misfortune for any writer, but it is a disaster for the dramatist, to get into the habit of despising popular taste, and thinking that he has only himself to please in his writings. This will seem to some people an inexcusably philistine remark. "What law," they will ask, "can the artist recognize other than that of satisfying his own soul?" My reply is that he is a barren and unresourceful artist if he cannot satisfy his soul without making himself incomprehensible or displeasing to all but a narrow sect of sworn admirers. If, in any given instance, a dramatist knows of only one way of satisfying his soul, and that a way which involves a ruthless overstrain upon the sympathy and attention of even an intelligent and well-disposed audience, the inference is, I suggest, either that his invention is

sterile, or that he has imperfectly mastered the technique of his craft. It is only fair, however, to add a third alternative: namely, that he may be suffering from a complication of indolence and arrogance which blunts his sane perception of values, and leads him to regard his every whim as an inspiration. A little timely popularity is the best possible prophylactic against either indurated mannerism or exaggerated self-esteem. It is extremely wholesome for a playwright to have a public to take along with him, other than the band of fervents whom no vagary can shake off; and, conversely, it is extremely unwholesome for any artist to take pride in being misunderstood. When Browning was content to write, "Oh, British public, ye who love me not," he acquiesced, not so much in the stupidity of the public, as in his own limitations. If Meredith, as a young man, could have made one success, it would have had a beneficent and humanizing influence on his whole career as an artist. And though the poet or the novelist may wrap himself up in himself and still be great, that feat is impossible to the dramatist. The history of drama does not record the name of a single playwright who failed to win the ear of his contemporaries and was acclaimed by posterity. The public is a fundamental condition of the art of drama, just as the ocean is a fundamental condition of the art of shipbuilding. You may construct the

The Fortnightly Review.

most wonderful vessel imaginable, but your labor is wasted if it declines to float. This is a very trite and obvious piece of wisdom, yet it is apt to be forgotten by some of the ablest of our dramatic shipbuilders. Not the least among the misfortunes of the actor-manager system is that playwrights of originality come to confound the illegitimate demands of the actor-manager with the legitimate claims of the intelligent public, and to reject both together. The highly-developed "side-show" mechanism of the modern stage enables them to obtain some sort of hearing for anything they choose to write; and they thus become more and more impatient of the reasonable limits and inevitable conditions of drama. They "abound in their own sense," not to the advantage, but to the detriment, of their art. It would do them a world of good to have a National Theatre to write for—and to have a play or two declined by it. They would, of course, be very angry, and denounce the stupidity of the management; but the experience would be none the less salutary. As it is, the gap between the "intellectual" playwright and the normally intelligent public threatens to grow wider instead of narrowing; and this is the one really alarming feature in the situation. The scant success of the Repertory Theatre will be a disaster indeed if the authors concerned misread its moral, and lay the blame upon everybody but themselves.

William Archer.

THE SEVERINS.

By MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

Author of "The Kinsman," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

Madeline stared at the door, not understanding. Then she knocked; then she rang two or three times. Michael

walted with her because he had seen Mr. St. Erth's face.

"What does he mean?" she whispered. "I must go in."

But no one came to the door again. "The servants sleep at the top of the house," she said, beginning to look frightened. "Shall I knock as loudly as I can?"

"I'm afraid they won't come," said Michael, "if——"

"If what?"

"Well—if your husband forbids it."

"But how can he forbid it—unless he has gone mad? Surely because I'm late—do you mean that he is not going to let me in?"

"It looks like it."

"But what does he expect me to do?"

Without waiting for Michael to reply she turned to the door and knocked again more loudly. The noise at that hour and in that quiet street must have been heard from end to end of it.

"I can't go on," she murmured; "people will wake up and come. I can't have a scandal."

"No," said Michael, who was trying to decide what Madeline ought to do in this emergency and what he ought to do himself. He saw more clearly than she seemed to the meaning of her husband's monstrous action, but even he could hardly believe yet in its seriousness. Mr. St. Erth had shut the door in a splutter of rage, but perhaps if his wife had patience he would open it again.

"I'll wait out of sight," he said. "I won't go far, in case you want me; but perhaps he will come to the door again, and if you are alone——"

Anything less expressive of Michael's wishes and innermost feelings than the words on his lips cannot be imagined. He was in a burning rage, and it would have best pleased the primitive man still strong in him to batter Mr. St. Erth's door down and then to batter Mr. St. Erth with all his might. But the civilized man is often obliged to keep his primitive self in check. He was just going when a light suddenly turned on in the dining-room and a

blind roughly drawn up there arrested him. The window was thrown up and Mr. St. Erth stood there, showing his scowling face to the two people on his doorstep.

"Go away," he said distinctly. "Go away, or I'll telephone for the police."

"There was an accident," cried Madeline, clinging to the paling near the window and speaking in a quick, eager voice. "Do listen—open the door. You must—you must. What can you mean? I must come in."

"Go away—with your lover," snarled Mr. St. Erth.

"You blackguard!" cried Michael, taking a step forward.

But the man in the wrong had the best of it, and the man in the right could do nothing. Mr. St. Erth shut the window with a bang, bolted it, and drew down the blind. They saw the light go out, they heard his heavy step in the hall and the creak of the stairs as he went up them. Then the light above the door went out too. The house was now in total darkness.

"Come," said Michael at last; "you can't stay here."

"Where shall I go?" she said, without looking at him.

"Have you no friends near?"

"I can't think of any. Every one is away."

He saw that she was confused with the shock of what had happened, and that he must think for her.

"Some hotel, then, for to-night," he said; "to-morrow we will see."

She walked beside him without speaking till they found a cab and were on their way to Charing-cross. Her manner as he helped her in was absorbed and impersonal. She avoided his eyes, but Michael saw that she was not thinking so much of him as of the man who had just thrust her from him. She looked like a creature dazed by a blow it has neither deserved nor expected, tensely strung by pride and an-

ger, hardly conscious yet of her own pain.

"Has he the right?" she said suddenly. "Surely he has no right."

"Probably not," said Michael. "I know no law, though."

"But he has done it—whether he has the right or not—and here I am."

"He must be made to listen to reason."

"He is wicked," she said, with swift deep anger. "I will never go back to him. I have endured enough."

"If you can prove that——"

"I will prove nothing. I will say nothing. No one shall ever hear what my life has been."

Michael had no heart just now to talk of the future to her. He saw no hope in it. If he married Clara what would the years bring to Madeline? And if Clara set him free the bond of marriage still lay like an unsheathed sword between him and the woman he loved.

When they got to the hotel he had chosen it was closed, but he roused a night porter, engaged a room for Madeline, and even persuaded the porter to show them into a reading-room downstairs for a few minutes.

"I couldn't talk in the cab," he said, when they were by themselves there.

"Will any words help us?" said Madeline.

She spoke with restraint and bitterness. She felt ashamed and oppressed. Her husband had thrown her into Michael's arms and he could not want her there because he was a man of his word and troth plighted to Clara. Her own desolate embroiled future troubled her less than the vexation the shameful business must bring to Michael. It was enough, she thought, to destroy his friendship for her. But when at last she looked at her friend all the brooding love and struggle in his heart seemed to speak to her in his eyes.

"Instead of helping you I've hurt you," he cried. "I ought to have

seen; I ought to have kept away to-night."

"How could you possibly foresee?" said Madeline.

"To-morrow I will write—no, I will wire—to Mr. Walsingham. He must come at once—and he will take you back to Scotland."

"Oh, don't make plans yet," she said; "I'm not ready for plans. I must think——"

"But you must do what is best for yourself," said Michael; and as he said so he knew that she had never looked at life from that point of view. In the great moments of decision there had always been others whose needs thrust her own into an unconsidered background; and so the tragic mistake of her marriage had been made without weighing the price she would have to pay for it in the years to come.

"I don't think we ought to see each other again," she said presently.

"I believe that is so," said Michael. "It will be the best for you that we should not meet."

"I was thinking of Clara. I don't want this story to reach her ears. I don't want her father to be told."

"But some one must act for you, and Mr. Walsingham is the right person."

"Oh! what does it matter?" said Madeline. "Who can help me? I said just now that I would never go back—but he is ill; he may change his mind and want me."

"Anything rather than that!" cried Michael. "I can't stand that."

She looked up at him, taken by surprise by his sudden change of tone.

"I have loved you since the first moment I saw you," he went on recklessly, "since I saw you standing in the doorway. You danced—and you wore silver shoes; and then—in my fancy—I took you right away into the forest; and the moon was shining—and you danced there—in your silver shoes."

Madeline did not speak. The pas-

sion in his face and voice overwhelmed her, for it found her heart. But in that moment of sweet amazement she could not find her tongue. Besides, the man went on: "You must come with me," he said, taking her hands in his. "Come now, Madeline. I can't let you go back."

For a moment he thought she would follow where he led. Her hands were small and delicate, and as he held them hidden in his own he thought it would be possible to hold and keep her spirit too. But she knew that her weakness must prevail against his strength to-night.

"I can't come," she said with a sigh.

"Why not?"

"You know."

"What do I know?"

"That we are not like that. We can't."

"I could," said Michael.

She shook her head.

"We are not made by a moment—by a crisis. Our past makes us, 'all we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good.' While my husband lives you and I are separated. Besides, there is Clara."

"Yes, there is Clara," said Michael heavily. "But I doubt if the hurt would be deep."

"She must not be hurt at all. It is we who are to be hurt. That's bad luck, but it's better than dragging each other down."

"Oh, you're right," groaned Michael; "you're right—but it's hard."

"Good-bye," said Madeline. She looked as white as death.

"But what will you do?"

"I don't know. I must think."

"Will you promise not to go back?"

She did not speak. Her eyes were full of pain, her face tense with the struggle between love and right.

"You owe him nothing," persisted Michael. "You sacrifice yourself and me to a fetish."

"Help me!" she cried. "Be on the side of right. I thought you were."

"What is right—if we knew—"

"We are like children—searching in the dark."

"Then why not take happiness?"

"Oh, happiness! what is it? For you and me? Not wrong—and shame—and the broken word—even to be together; you know."

"Yes, I know," said Michael, and he bowed his head and turned from her. But the bitterness of parting drew a sigh from Madeline, and he looked back and saw her eyes. Before she knew his purpose, in that moment of renunciation, he took her in his arms and kissed her as a man kisses one he loves when death is near. Then he sped from the room out into the night. For hours he walked the empty streets, still fighting his dreams, still aching for her, still tempted strongly to return.

But with the dawn fatigue came and a growing sense of the claims made by the common round of life. He must needs groom himself for the day's work, and do it as best he could. Then he went to the office and plodded through the interminable hours. When he left he took a cab to Madeline's hotel, for he was beginning to feel anxious about the realities of her position. He did not even know whether she had money with her or could get at any. Besides, he must make sure that she was there, was well, was still alive. Even if she would not see him, he could get news of her; but he believed she would see him. In a few minutes they would be face to face again, hear each other speak, watch each other's eyes.

"The lady," he said, "the lady who came late last night—after the hotel was closed?"

He remembered suddenly that he had not given Madeline's name, and that he felt sure that she must have done so. It was impossible to imagine Madeline condescending to an *alias* even in em-

barrassing and questionable circumstances.

"Mrs. St. Erth," he added.

"Mrs. St. Erth left this morning after breakfast," said the porter.

"Where did she go?"

That the porter could not tell him. The lady paid her bill and walked away. No one who had seen her or served her could give Michael any further information. He went back to his club, hoping to find news of her there, but none had come yet. His anxiety became overwhelming; his fears led to

The Times.

darkness; he thought of her alone and without comfort, without any haven. He would wait a little, and then he must take steps to find her, for he must know before he slept again that she was well and in safety. He had pictures of her ill and poor and separated from her friends, thrust from her world defenceless. That she would take her own life he did not believe. The thought just crossed his mind, but never stayed. He knew Madeline too well to fear it.

(To be continued.)

SOME RECOLLECTIONS.

BY MRS. W. Y. SELLAR.

I feel I ought to begin by an apology for giving some very slight recollections of the happiness we derived from the acquaintance and, I hope I may be allowed to add, friendship, of some eminent men who, by some curious freak of memory, were omitted from a bundle of "Recollections and Impressions" put forth three years ago. And now I write more as a salve to my conscience and for the pleasure of living over again with them in thought times we spent together in the days when life seemed so full and age so far away, than for anything I can say worthy of them.

Coming from St. Andrews in 1863, where the name of Playfair was almost synonymous with the place, and where we had known so many members of his family—all of them more or less distinguished—it was a pleasure to us to find Professor Playfair, as he then was, in the Chair of Chemistry in the University here in Edinburgh. But he did not very long remain there, for in 1869 he conjoined the interests of his old University in St. Andrews with those of his later *Alma Mater* here, by becoming

their representative in Parliament—a seat he held with distinction till 1885. With his varied experiences and great abilities he seemed the ideal of a University Parliamentary representative; but he had to fight for his place at every election, and the consequent cost and trouble made him desirous of attaining a more secure seat.

In 1885 he became Member for South Leeds, where, though the electors knew he was not a keen party politician, they selected him in honor of his efforts to mitigate the ills and to promote the welfare of the people by his long labors in social reform.

It would be far easier to give a list of what he was not than of what he *was*, for so varied were his knowledge and accomplishments that honors of all kinds poured in upon him, not as single spies, but in battalions. Among other distinctions he was Gentleman Usher to the Prince Consort, and was his right-hand man in planning and carrying out the Great Exhibition of 1851—quite a new idea then, but since become so common that one almost thinks if it as "soiled with all ignoble use." Be-

sides the great affection and esteem in which Prince Albert held him, this Court connection brought him into close touch with the happy home-like Royal Family, and I have heard him say that of all the women he had ever known the Princess Royal (afterwards German Empress) was the cleverest and most accomplished. No man could be a better judge than Professor Playfair, himself most brilliant in conversation, though never overwhelming—always more anxious to draw out the talent and sympathies of his interlocutors than to display his own superior knowledge.

He was made K.C.B. in 1883, and was henceforth known as Sir Lyon. I remember his charming wife (whom he married in Boston, U.S.A. in 1878) telling me that when they paid a visit to her old home some years after their marriage she begged her old friends always to add Playfair in speaking of him, for their pronunciation of Sir Lyon was too like "sirloin"! Would they, I wonder, after 1892, when he was created a peer, have considered that a sirloin led naturally to a "baron"?

In these years, in the 'eighties, we used to meet often in London—always a great pleasure; and all his friends, old and young, must have felt grateful to him for bringing among them such a charming and graceful wife, who took her place in the old country with all the happy ease which belongs to the new one.

Lord Playfair died in London on the 29th of May, 1898, and lies, with others of his race, in the beautiful cathedral yard of St. Andrews, a place dear to him from old associations.

In 1866 there was an election to the Chair of Music in the University of Edinburgh which interested us very much, as the candidate elected was Mr. Herbert Oakeley, a cousin of my brother's wife, and we had heard much in praise of his musical abilities and the

beauty of his character from Oxford friends. He was of a retiring disposition, and shy, but further acquaintance revealed a singularly simple and modest nature and an attractive personality—sensitive, as such natures generally are; but all who knew him well valued him highly. No doubt this sensitiveness was severely tried by the knotty problem which faced him on his appointment to the Chair of Music and the management of the Reid Concert—a problem which had tried all his predecessors.

The Founder of the Chair, General Reid, in his will prescribed merely that his Professors should cause a concert to be given on the General's birthday, 14th of February, so that the repeated performance of some of his compositions—notably "The Garb of Old Gaul"—might keep his name in remembrance. But the memory of the just and their wishes are not always held in the respect they would desire, and from one cause and another endless bickerings arose over these concerts between the Senatus, the professors, the students, and the general public, culminating, at the last concert before Mr. Oakeley's election, in something like a riot. This is not the place to consider all the arrangements finally made; but in the result the Reid Concert, which later blossomed into the Reid Festival, became one of the great musical events of the year in Edinburgh, and Sir George Grove in his "Musical Dictionary" says: "The Reid Festival is one which would do honor to any city in Great Britain or even Germany." Up to this time the Reid Concert had been a mere performance of so-called ballads and operatic excerpts by a "starring" company. Under Professor Oakeley's régime in seventy-two Festival Concerts Edinburgh heard (often for the first time) many of the grandest symphonies of the great Masters. Probably these concerts did much to stir up and con-

firm the musical taste of Edinburgh, which is now gratified by a series of yearly concerts of the highest classical music, besides innumerable other concerts, and periodical visits from all the greatest instrumental and vocal performers.

Another triumph for Professor Oakeley before his retirement in 1891 was the institution by the University Commissioners of a Faculty and Curriculum in Music in the University of Edinburgh, which fulfilled his most cherished aspirations. Though the chief part of his professional teaching was done, one may say, at the Reid Concerts and at those of the University Musical Society, and above all by the mouth of the class-room organ, he delivered each year courses of lectures bearing on music and its developments in different ages and countries. In one of these lectures he related the following story of Dr. Johnson and Boswell: "I told him" (writes poor Boswell) "that music affected me to such a degree as often to excite my nerves painfully, producing alternate sensations of pathetic dejection so that I was ready to shed tears, and of daring resolution so that I was inclined to rush into the thickest part of the battle." "'Sir,' said Dr. Johnson, 'I should never hear it if it made me such a fool!'" One is never sorry to be reminded of a humorous snub of Dr. Johnson's.

Professor Oakeley's musical compositions were numerous. Perhaps the most widely known of his minor compositions was his setting of Tennyson's "Tears, idle tears," which was sung in Edinburgh by Madame Titiens. She was so mystified by some of the words that she asked if the "glimmering square" was a square in London!—and yet the glory of her voice and the beauty of the music were such that many of her audience shed tears—not idle! The beautiful sacred song, "Comes at times"—words by his friend

Mr. Gregory Smith—was set by Professor Oakeley to very noble strains of music, and was performed before the Queen at the function of unveiling the statue of Prince Albert in Charlotte Square in 1876. On this occasion the Queen sent for Professor Oakeley to Holyrood, expressed great admiration for the musical composition she had heard, and knighted him. "Comes at times" was performed at the Memorial Service in Westminster Abbey on the first anniversary of Dean Stanley's death; and Canon Duckworth wrote on this occasion to Sir Herbert, "I do not think I have ever witnessed a profounder sensation made by any music in the Abbey, and it is only due to you to tell you of the warm admiration which your composition received." Yet again it was heard, at the Funeral Service in Edinburgh of Sir Alexander Grant in 1884, the year of the Edinburgh Tercentenary, which our Principal had designed and so admirably carried out.

In the summer of 1872 Sir Herbert had met with a serious accident while driving up the Zermatt Valley, in Switzerland. The horse stumbled, and the carriage, with Sir Herbert in it, fell down some fifteen feet into the torrent below. From this accident he never quite recovered, and never again played with comfort on the organ, though the marvellous dexterity of his left foot concealed to a great extent the incapacity of the right one. After six months' rest he resumed his organ recitals in Edinburgh, to the great delight of his friends, and he was touched and cheered by the warm reception given him by his students on this his first appearance after his accident.

In 1888 Sir Herbert went as a delegate from Edinburgh, with Sir William Muir and Professor Kirkpatrick, to a brilliant and unique Commemoration of the Eighth Centenary of Bologna University—mother of Universities—

with which our own University of St. Andrews was affiliated. Specially interesting features of the occasion were the congratulatory addresses, chiefly in Latin, read by a University delegate from each nation. With respect to the address from Great Britain (in Latin), which was read by that great scholar, the late Sir Richard Jebb, an unconsciously severe satire on the English pronunciation of Latin appeared in a Bolognese journal of the following day. After mentioning the language in which each address had been delivered, the Italian reporter stated that the English representative spoke in English—"parlò il rappresentante dell'Inghilterra in Inglese." This anecdote seems worth repeating at this time, when the minds of classical scholars interested in the education of youths are exercised in this matter of pronunciation, and seem slowly moving, as is the wont of the conservative English mind, in the direction of quitting their isolated position and assimilating it more closely—at any rate, in the sound of the vowels—to the pronunciation of Latin in all civilized countries. Even if this consummation is ever reached, one sometimes wonders if Virgil, could he hear the "stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man" uttered by one of the moderns, would recognize it as the tongue of which he had such perfect mastery? Perhaps not; but it certainly never again would be taken for English!

In 1869 Mr. Lister was unanimously elected to the Edinburgh Chair of Surgery, vacant by the retirement of Mr. Syme. He was born in 1827, and was the son of Mr. Jackson Lister, a merchant in London, and one whose marked character and high sense of rectitude exercised a very great influence on his son—a fact which the latter acknowledged with gratitude, not only in the obituary he wrote of his father, but on many other occasions. It was evident

that he had been brought up in an earlier generation when the Fifth Commandment had not yet been abrogated, but was held to be as binding on the conscience as the others. In distinct contradiction to this theory was the experience, so characteristic of the present time, of a Scotsman who was heard exclaiming, "Weel, I may not have had an ower high opeenion o' my ain parents, but I never considered them the pairfect eedlots my bairns think me!"

Mr. Lister was educated mainly at the University of London, and after taking his degree he did important work at University College Hospital for several years as house physician and house surgeon with Dr. Walsh and Mr. Erichsen respectively. In 1852 he came to Scotland on a short visit to Mr. Syme, and this led to Mr. Lister's settling in Edinburgh. These two surgeons had at once conceived a great admiration for each other's capacity, and a vacancy unexpectedly occurring Syme appointed Lister as his house surgeon. This association resulted in a warm personal friendship, which was cemented by Lister's marriage, a few years later, with Syme's eldest daughter, Agnes: one who throughout her life afforded him unwearied help in the pursuit of his investigations and experiments. Indeed, of them it might be truly said they "walked this world yoked in all exercise of noble ends."

In 1862 Mr. Lister was appointed to the Chair of Systematic Surgery in Glasgow, succeeding Professor James Adair Laurie, a valued friend and connection of my own, and one of that noble and numerous army of "beloved physicians" who have called forth the undying gratitude of the many who have found in them their best, most helpful, and most sympathetic friend in their hour of greatest need. Robert Louis Stevenson, in the preface to "Underwoods," has expressed his gratitude to some of those who gave him "sage

counsel in cumber" with an eloquence we cannot emulate, but with a feeling which we strongly share.

When in Glasgow, the gravity and constant prevalence of septic diseases in his wards and the distressing mortality so disappointed, pained, and distressed Mr. Lister that his thoughts turned more and more to the question of the cause and prevention of these diseases. It was out of this "divine discontent" with things as they were that his vigorous and inventive brain was stirred by that overwhelming impulse to "move mountains" and conquer difficulties, and this at last he did victoriously.

In 1869 Mr. Lister left Glasgow and came to Edinburgh to fill the Chair of Surgery that had been so ably occupied by his friend and father-in-law, Mr. Syme. Here he perfected his antiseptic treatment. Although already in Glasgow the soundness of the principle on which he was proceeding had been thoroughly established, the methods by which those principles were carried into practice were still cumbrous and far from perfect. Thus, both Universities may claim a share in the glory and honor of having promoted the birth and childhood of a discovery which has perhaps done as much to save life as chloroform has done to alleviate pain.

We had known Mr. Syme and his family very well, and had received much kindness from them, so it was a double pleasure that the new Professor was his son-in-law. He and his wife lived very quietly and went out very little, but when we did meet it was a great pleasure, and no one could know Mr. Lister without wishing to call him friend. Dr. John Brown once said of him, "You have only to look at his face to see how uninjured he has been in his walk through life."

His parents held the Quaker rule
Which doth the human feelings cool,

But he was trained in Nature's school,
Nature had blest him.

From them he probably inherited the self-control and spiritual calm which were so conspicuous in his fine face, and which must have often brought strength and comfort to his suffering patients. One of these patients, afterwards so well known, was Mr. W. E. Henley. He had suffered much from his earliest years, and came, a young man, from his home at Gloucester to the Edinburgh Infirmary, where he was laid up for many months, suffering much, but turning his experience, if not into favor and prettiness, into some very striking poetry—a sequence of twenty-eight pieces, which he entitled "In Hospital," and which Mr. Leslie Stephen brought out in the *Cornhill Magazine*. These are now included in the latest edition of Mr. Henley's Poems, published in 1907. In one of these poems, headed "Clinical," he thus describes Lister:

Here's the Professor

In he comes first

With the bright look we know,

From the broad white brows the kind
eyes

Soothing, yet nerving you.

And again, at greater length, in Sonnet X.:

THE CHIEF.

His brow spreads large and placid, and
his eye

Is deep and bright, with steady looks
that still.

Soft lines of tranquil thought his face
fulfil—

His face at once benign and proud and
shy.

If envy scout, if ignorance deny,

His faultless patience, his unyielding
skill,

Innumerable gratitudes reply.

His wise, rare smile is sweet with cer-
tainties,

And seems in all his patients to com-
pel

Such love and faith as failure cannot
quell.

We hold him for another Herakles
 Battling with custom, prejudice, dis-
 ease

As once the son of Zeus with Death
 and Hell.

I need offer no apology for quoting at length a sonnet that gives such a vivid and true description of Professor Lister, written by one who afterwards became well known as a poet, essayist, and journalist.

While in the Infirmary here, Mr. Henley became acquainted and soon was intimate with Robert Louis Stevenson, and in the "Hospital Sketches" there is a sonnet, "Apparition," which is a very vivid characterization of that elf-like genius as he then appeared. Years after, Mr. Henley, in collaboration with R. L. Stevenson, wrote a play called "Deacon Brodie," a man who, to parody Goldsmith, was apparently contrived by nature "a double debt to pay: burglar by night, a carpenter by day."¹ As a clever craftsman he was much respected, and was a well-known lay member of the Church till, to the horror and astonishment of the town, he was apprehended in a large burglary case, which proved to be by no means his first attempt in that line. His house in the Lawnmarket still bears the name of Brodie's Close, and is remarkable for the beautiful plaster decoration of one of the ceilings and for being sometimes a happy hunting-ground for old furniture.

Mr. Henley, after the recovery of his health, did not stay very long in Edinburgh, but I remember meeting him and his wife once at Professor Butcher's. He was a striking-looking man, florid and rough-hewn, and he seemed strong and vigorous in spite of his lameness and of all he had gone through and suffered. He spoke much to me of a wonderful little girl he had—aged about three, I think, but far be-

yond her years in intellect and character, and of such a noble appearance that they always called her "The Emperor." When parents praise their own children so highly, one takes their account *cum grano*; but, somehow, in this case it carried conviction, and I felt a deep interest in this little child whom I never saw. Shortly after this meeting the Henleys went to live in one of the suburbs of London, and I was not surprised when I heard that several artists went constantly down to see, not so much the poet-father as the imperial child. "Whom the gods love die young," and I think she was not quite seven when she died. If merely hearing of her made such an impression on a stranger's imagination, what must her loss have been to her passionately loving parents?

But this is a long digression, and I return to the subject I began to write about—Professor Lister, whose name, now of such world-wide fame, takes me back to the happy days in the 'sixties. He came to our house one day, in consultation with Dr. John Brown, to see one of our daughters who had sprained her leg in walking too far in Switzerland. They put on a splint and condemned her to a month's complete rest in bed. Professor Lister's kind sympathetic manner lessened the severity of his treatment, which was very patiently submitted to. At last the day of deliverance arrived, and the patient's clothes were hung on the fender to be aired, and there was a general air of rejoicing, but when the Professor came and said, "I am afraid I must order another week of rest," Dr. John Brown looked, with a sadly humorous glance at the clothes airing, and said, "Then she must make a shift to do without them!" I may add the drastic cure was efficacious.

Professor Lister's manner, like his face, was most gentle and gracious: a contrast in that to his distinguished

¹ He was called Deacon Brodie as being Deacon of the Guild of Wrights.

father-in-law, Professor Syme, who was somewhat reserved and dry, and in consequence rather alarming to a stranger, though this never came between him and the many friends whose love and admiration knew no bounds. His life-long and devoted friend, Dr. John Brown, used to say of him: "He never wasted a word nor a drop of blood"—in the latter expression alluding to the wonderful rapidity and skill he showed in performing operations. Dr. Brown, too, told of Mr. Syme, when a student and living in a small way, never buying anything in furniture or plate—however small the quantity—but of the *very best*, so that when he succeeded in making a fortune (of which he never felt any doubt) these things could be added to, but not altered.

How proud Professor Syme would have been had he lived to see the honors heaped on his son-in-law and known that his great discovery of the antiseptic treatment had done so much to save life. Mr. Lister was created a baron in 1897.

I cannot conclude this very inadequate account of Lord Lister better than by quoting the eloquent words of Lord Rosebery when, on December 14, 1900, he opened the new hall and museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. After a most interesting account of one of his ancestors, Gilbert Prymrose, surgeon in 1569, he ended his speech with these words: "There was one surgeon to whom the whole universe owed a debt of gratitude, and he was a Fellow of the College of Surgeons of Edinburgh." Lord Rosebery then instanced the example of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who said in his last discourse to the Royal Academy that he would wish that the last name he pronounced from that place should be that of Michael Angelo; so Lord Rosebery asked them to allow him to conclude by giving them the toast, Lord Lister!

Before concluding some recollections

of men well known in Edinburgh and in the world, I should like to say a few words of one of my own sex, whose incomparable merits made a great impression on all who knew her; but as she lived in the days before Suffragettes, never wrote a book, never spoke from a platform, and was content to live in the hearts of her friends, it is less easy to write about her than of many whose qualities were possibly inferior, though better advertised.

Mrs. Cunningham was a daughter of General Trotter, a younger son of a Trotter of Morton Hall. Her brother, Richard Trotter, succeeded to Morton Hall in 1858. When I knew her, she was the widow of Lord Cunningham, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, and had been for many years very delicate and confined to her couch. But, as by a miracle, she completely recovered, no traces of invalidism remained on either body or mind, and the impression she left on all her friends was of *mens sana in corpore sano*.

She lived in and welcomed to her charming house in Moray Place all and sundry, believing in the saying that in entertaining strangers you may entertain angels unawares; and though, no doubt, often disappointed in this expectation, she never showed it and never relaxed her kindness. How often have I wished that I had taken notes of the many happy hours I have spent with her!—her conversation was so vigorous and racy, sparkling with anecdotes and brilliant in reminiscences of old times and of people passed away, but who lived again in her vivid descriptions. She spoke often of her aunt, Miss Menie Trotter, of Morton Hall—one of those remarkable women almost peculiar to the Scotland of the past—simple, humorous, cultivated, retaining much of the vernacular in speech, which seemed to add point to the wit and shrewd common-sense of their remarks. Miss Trotter was ec-

centric in dress, penurious in small things, but her generosity could rise to heights undreamt of by far richer people. She would trust no banks or securities, and kept all her bills and bank-notes in a green silk bag that hung on her toilet glass, and on the table were two white bowls, one filled with silver, the other with copper. One day, visiting a friend of hers (a widow), she found her dying with a great weight on her mind because of the almost penniless state in which she was leaving her young family. Miss Trotter was silent at the time, but on returning home she said to her niece, Mrs. Cunningham: "Now, Margaret, ye'll tell Peggy to bring down the green silk bag on my toilet-table, and ye'll tak' twa thousand pounds out o' it, and give them to Walter Ferrier for behoof of thae orphan bairns. I want to make good the words that 'God would provide' for them. For what else was I sent that way this morning but as a humble instrument in His hands?"

Another touching story of her aunt Mrs. Cunningham told me, and though it made a great impression on my mind, my memory for details is so blurred that I gladly avail myself of the account given of the same incident in Miss Susan Ferrier's "Memoirs":

When Miss Trotter was confined to bed and felt her end approaching, she bade Mrs. Cunningham look at a little engraving of a young man that hung on the wall of her room. "Do ye know, Margaret, whose picture that is? I would like to tell ye about it. That's Jamie Pitcairn. He was but a young medical student in those days, but he rose to distinction in his profession after that. He was of a noble nature, and had a kindly heart, and he was the only one in the whole world that ever showed me any tenderness or affection, and much did I love him, and we were deeply attached to aye anither. My mother and my sister, Joanna, were proud and overbearing, and looked down upon Jamie, but my auldest sis-

ter, Mrs. Douglas, had a mair feeling heart, and often took me with her to visit at Dr. Cullen's, where I met Jamie, and many happy hours we spent there. Whiles he would come and drink tea with Mrs. Douglas. Her house was at the head of the Bruntfield Links, and the windows looked out on the country and up to Arthur's Seat. One evening we three sat there building our airy castles—a happy party!—the beautiful world before us and the birds singing joyfully, when the door opened and four black eyes like a thunder cloud darkened the room. They fell upon me like a spell that froze my very heart's blood. I can never forget the look of disdain they coost upon Jamie. He never spoke, but took up his hat, gave one kind look to me, left the room, and I never saw him again. They were cruel to me; I was taken home to suffer, and he never married. I had no friend left, for my sister, Mrs. Douglas, went to France for the education of her daughter, who, in the course of time, became Lady Dick of Prestonfield. So I wandered among the hills and held communion with Him who is the Father of the afflicted, and when I looked over the varied land and the restless sea, and down upon the broom and the flowers that were offering up their mute praise and incense to their Creator, I found the comfort that passes understanding. Mony aye thought when I went those long walks that I was my lane, but I never was my lane, for the Maker of this beautiful world was my constant companion." Pointing again to the engraving, she added, "Now, that's the picture of Jamie Pitcairn." A day or two after this she died. "So past the strong, heroic soul away."

But all Mrs. Cunningham's reminiscences were not sad: far from it! She was very humorous, and appreciated the same quality in her old butler, Knight, whose silent welcome at the hall-door added greatly to the greeting that never failed one in the drawing-room. Mrs. Cunningham having been obliged to get a new coachman to replace her faithful old one, Knight re-

marked to her one day he did not think much of her new acquisition. She said, "But why, Knight? I think he is very suitable: what ails you at him?" "Weel, he's ower much ta'en up w' his wife to attend properly to his work." "Be thankful, Knight, it's not with *your* wife," was her caustic reply.

At that time, dinners being generally at six o'clock, a regular tea-table was spread in the drawing-room at eight o'clock, and Mrs. Cunningham, having ascertained that a friend, who was staying with her, never took tea in the evening, told Knight only one cup need be brought up. But when the tray appeared, everything was *à deux*, and to her question, "Why did you bring up two when I told you one was enough?" "Just for decency's sake" was the reply. No doubt the visitor felt rather glad that she had not been taken at her word, and had the chance of indulging in a comfortable cup of tea!

At the time I knew her Mrs. Cunningham spent most of her summers at The Cornhill Magazine.

Morton House, the dower-house of Morton Hall—the home of her childhood; and a visit to her there was always a refreshment to body and spirit. I remember I was very much struck by the way in which she read family prayers in the morning: it gave one the impression of listening to something one had never heard before, the well-known words becoming, as it were, new in her clear articulation and sympathetic tones. A picture, too, she looked of simple, dignified old age, as with grave demeanor she turned the pages of what was truly to her the Book of Life.

Lord Rosebery, in his admirable and well-timed advice that school-children should have far more attention paid to their reading aloud in an articulate and intelligent way, would have been quite satisfied with the manner in which this too much neglected art was discharged by this dear old lady, whose like we shall not see again, and whose memory I love to dwell on.

SHAKESPEARE'S MOON.

Though Shakespeare was no astronomer and had no knowledge whatever of the new astronomy of his day and of its marvellous weapon of attack the telescope, yet he had powers of observation that any astronomer might envy, and the phenomena of the skies was ever in his mind for the purpose of illustrating his argument or illuminating the heaven of his imaginations. During the last few days many of us have observed with interest and wonder the remarkable eclipse of the moon that took place, as few if any eclipses of the moon have taken place in these latitudes since 1805, in a cloudless star-gemmed sky. From the point of view of the mere amateur, or the lover of phenomena, as illustrations of the won-

der, beauty and majesty of things, the eclipse was striking indeed. The cloudless sky, the radiant moon riding in exquisite purity among the half-quenched stars seem proof against change. There will be no clouds tonight. The fast thinning woods mysteriously asleep in the windless weather are revealed as fairyland by the clear full moon. One might well imagine some white witch of fame gathering there

All simples that have virtue under the moon.

Then without cloud or warning the light is slowly, secretly dulled, and after a while of misunderstanding there is a stain on the 'scutcheon and the

white radiance is pure no more. The first contact of impurity is black, but slowly a blood-tinted purplish stain creeps with intolerable certitude out of the cloudless sky over a surface of impeccable light. And on and on it creeps. The woods, the heath, the winding road, the village and the sleeping town no longer shine with mysterious beauty. Night has come, and the stars that now shine with chilling clearness emphasize the sense of the inevitable. Nothing is free from stain. At last the moon, the moon we knew, has gone, and there hangs in heaven a dull gold-bronze sphere that has no touch of beauty; a thing so deeply contrasted with the extraordinary purity of the moon of two hours since that the sight is painful. But there is, in this particular case, always a speck of light, a gleam of hope or scorn shining on the right limb high up. The eclipse was not absolutely central, and so just at this point there was always an efflorescence of the hidden glory. Hecate's dreadful charm flashes before us:

Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and everything beside:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end;
Great business must be wrought ere
noon:

Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop, profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground.

The moment is tragic. A sense of darkness, of wickedness in the act of success, of sin triumphant, is in the air. One can almost hear Edmund cry—

Here stood he in the dark, his sharp
sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring
the moon
To stand his auspicious mistress.

But at last there is an end to the suspense. Slowly the bronze tint turns to blood again as a speck of pure light emerges, and then minute by minute

the moon sloughs, as it were, this cumbersome load or shell, this shadow of blood-stained sin and despair. Lighter and more light grows the sky, darker and more dark the purple shadow as it withdraws: till at last the moon is riding once more clear in the cloudless heavens, fairer than before the hours of trial, purified, as it were, through suffering: for the Shadow of the Earth has passed away.

The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured.
(107 sonnet.)

Then on a sudden we cry, this was Shakespeare's moon. Here we have had enacted before us, all unknowing, the Drama of the Universe: Paradise and the Fall and the Redemption: earthly things made even—all shown forth as in a parable by a sign in the heavens. It was Shakespeare's moon in the sense that that was the use he made of all physical phenomena, and especially heavenly phenomena: to emphasize, or even to make or illustrate some great human crisis. The awful scene of the fourth act of *Macbeth* brings out this point. *The Third Witch* sings of

Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse.

The witches choose the moment of the eclipse for their hellish incantation that is to show Macbeth the visions which lead him hellward. Three times in *King Lear* we find eclipses as omens of evils. As Desdemona is dying Othello cries:

My wife! My wife! What wife?—I
have no wife:
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge
eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the af-
frighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

The famous passage in the first scene of *Hamlet*, spoken by Horatio as

the ghost of the dead king approaches, further illustrates this point:

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,

Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,

Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.

This last line describes the moon in the moment of complete eclipse with an exactness and an intensity that beggar all other words. If one desires to complete the sense of Shakespeare's use of real or imaginary natural phenomena to drive home a moral purpose in the affairs of men, the reader should turn to the description of the same scene in *Julius Caesar*. Yet Shakespeare does not choose to be misunderstood. The moral is pointed, and so away with the machinery:

But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

The use is justifiable. The alloy (to use Browning's metaphor) has made the moulding of the ring, the fashioning of the moral purpose in things, possible.

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Shakespeare uses the moon as an instrument of fantasy. The curious passage

I'll believe as soon,
The whole earth may be bor'd; and
that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so
displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes,

gives us an idea possibly drawn from an eclipse. It is impossible not to quote with it the reference to Venus:

Yet you, the murderer, look as bright,
as clear,

As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Shakespeare's use of the moon as an image to emphasize the notion of sheer fantasy of pure poetry and delicate beauty is wonderful.

The moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven,

is but one of many exquisite phrases. The continual play on her changefulness as a fit metaphor for the variability of human natures and human minds is often brought up short with such a reminder as, "Yet still she is the moon." Shakespeare is never forgetful of the facts that the moonlight is the sunlight but that she has her earnest work to do, her moving of the waters of the earth. Lessons enough he drives home from this. The greatest scene in all tragedies, the last scene in *King Lear*, is made nobler by the great simile:

We'll talk with them too,—
Who loses, and who wins; who's in,
who's out,
And take upon 's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a walled prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

The writer of this tremendous scene of rent souls and things made even by death, could (such was his mighty art) turn from this to draw one of the deepest and yet the simplest metaphors of love from the relation of moon and sea. It is in *The Winter's Tale*:

He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too: for never gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes.

Read this and think of the moon everlastingly brooding upon the waters with

her untroubling gaze. Think then of the eternity of Love. Love, after all, was Shakespeare's moon. He read the story of the moon into the hearts of men and women.

Museus.

The Contemporary Review.

THE HEXMINSTER SCANDAL.

BY W. E. CULE.

CHAPTER VI.

A SCANDAL OR A ROMANCE?

The silence was awful. Garland had apparently not lost his composure, but had turned to examine the map upon the wall. Mrs. Hellier's face was pallid, but she had passed the point of violence some time back. She was a woman who had never learned how to swoon, and at that crisis she was sorry for it.

"Mrs. Hellier," said Morgan bluffly, "if this scene has not pleased you, it is your own fault. You gave me no other opportunity. There is this benefit, however—that you now know all without having to be told. I ask your sympathetic attention for my promised wife."

The lady glared at the brute ineffectually.

"I must leave you for a few minutes," he went on, "to get my papers for the trial.—Alison, do not let anything trouble you. I will see you again immediately."

She smiled without speaking. Taking up his hat, he opened the door and closed it behind him. The three were left together.

Presently Mr. Garland turned and glanced at Mrs. Hellier. Then he looked at the clock and saw that it was five minutes after eleven. It had taken only such a little while to turn their world upside-down. He concealed his feelings with some success.

"The matter," he said quietly, "has to some extent been taken out of our hands. Do you think we can do anything more?"

"We will have the truth, at least!" was the painful reply from a woman whose state of mind was truly pitiable. Whereupon he nodded, and decided to wait. There might still be some compensation in store, and he felt that he needed it.

Miss Vicars heard the question and answer, but did not notice them. It was too late now, and her faith was too new and too great to be easily shaken. A strange medley of thoughts passed through the girl's mind, all tinged, no doubt, with rose-color. She had found the essential, and must resolutely forget the trivialities. This man had come and had found her soul almost sleeping, and had called to it and awakened it. . . . She would never let it fall asleep again; indeed, with him at her side it could not do so. And that two thousand pounds would be a great gift to give him after all; it would help him to a good business, and might prove to be the pedestal of his fortunes. As to the wristbands—well, they were not so very terrible; she would persuade him to wear linen. . . . Of course this would be a great and everlasting scandal now. For the future, many events in Hexminster would be dated from the year of "that Miss Vicars' affair." But, after all, what did that matter? . . . Then the old people on the Green—would they be pleased? She thought they would. . . . In a way, she had always liked them, and now she would soon love them. Their hero had become hers. Why, it was in their cottage that she had met him.

Then she came back to present things

as a footstep approached the door. But it was not David Morgan; it was an elderly, gray-bearded gentleman with a slightly important air, who came into the room and looked at them curiously.

"Mrs. Hellier?" he asked, turning at last to that lady. "The Premier will see you now."

"We are quite ready," she said stiffly; and she prepared to prevent any attempt on Alison's part to make an escape.

The old gentleman considered. "I am the Agent-General for Kingsland," he said pleasantly. "I gather that you want particulars with regard to the David Morgan affair. The Premier, I should say, is the only person in England just now who can give them. As it happens, it was by his efforts that the attempted frauds were exposed and prevented."

"So we understand," said Garland politely. "That was why we applied to him." And he glanced at Alison's face. "Very good. Then will you kindly follow me?"

Alison was a little uneasy that Morgan had not returned, but concluded that he was probably awaiting them in another room. Accordingly they followed their guide down a corridor to a door at which he paused impressively. Then, seeing that they were all mustered around him, he tapped gently and pushed it open.

This room was flooded with light and sound, for it looked out, through tall windows, upon Victoria Street. The Premier stood gazing out into the street, his back to them and the door, erect and frock-coated, and apparently a man still under the middle age of life. The Agent-General advanced only half-way to him.

"Sir," he said pompously, "Mrs. Hellier and her party;" and then turning, "The Premier of Kingsland." And with that the old gentleman, amiably inclined to magnify his Premier as well

as his office and himself, moved back to the door and vanished. And after a moment the Premier turned and came towards them.

As he moved Miss Vicars started. His face was in shadow, but every motion seemed to thrill her to the heart. Mrs. Hellier was again silent in the paralysis of astonishment. It was an unpleasant day for that poor lady. And Garland, taken utterly unawares for once, muttered something which need not be printed.

The man who stood before them was dressed now in the ordinary dress of an English gentleman—always the last test of a man's fitness to wear it, and never so absurd as when worn by the unfit. But there was no unfitness here, and Alison saw instantly that it was the one thing this man had needed. Erect, strong, and masterful, he gathered all their dignity to himself, so that, meeting him anywhere in the street, you would have turned to say, "Now, I wonder who he is."

He advanced quite slowly till only the table was between them, looking, not at Alison, but at her aunt and Garland; and he spoke in a calm, level tone that had no hint of coarseness in it.

"I am the Premier of Kingsland," said David Morgan simply.

The interview was, no doubt, a little confused, and no two stories are in perfect agreement. It is true, however, that Lewis Garland was extremely angry, and shouted that it was a trick—a scoundrelly trick. But the Premier disposed of him quickly.

"When I began to be prominent in Kingsland," he said, "I found another David Morgan in the public eye—the man who has since distinguished himself by his frauds. So I took the name of Justyn Morgan, the name of the street in which my business was. I do not blame you for your mistake—any

one who did not like me might have made it; but I feel a genuine contempt for the man who, to gratify an ancient schoolboy spite, tried to give pain to an old father and mother whose faith in their absent son was their whole existence. For that, sir, if I were not the Premier of Kingsland, I would flog you!"

Garland was astounded. It is even claimed for him that some trace of shame appeared in his face.

By this time Mrs. Hellier was coming to herself—a self very much shattered and broken in spirit, but with a dawning perception of the course to pursue. There were some popular principles not unfamiliar even to the select circles of Hexminster.

"I am afraid," she said, "that—that I have been misled by—by—*this person*."

Admirable woman! The Premier smiled and touched a bell. Immediately the cheerful young clerk opened the door.

"This gentleman," said the Premier, "wishes to be shown out of the house."

And Garland went. At the end he strove to recover his self-command, and, though he did not speak again, his departure was fairly creditable. When he went he passed for ever out of Mrs. Hellier's circle.

The three were left alone, and Mrs. Hellier, exhausted, sank into a chair. For a few moments David Morgan and Allison stood looking at one another. Then he came nearer and drew her aside.

"It was not to deceive you," he said: "it was to prepare a surprise for my father and mother. But after I had seen you I felt that I must make you love me in spite of my clothes. I thought that I could help you to do it, and that it would be good for you to do it. Are you sorry that you did it at last?"

How was it possible to be sorry?

"And those wristbands," she whispered, "were a part of the play?"

"I saw that you studied them," he admitted, "and perhaps I made them rather more conspicuous"—

She could only laugh then. When she laughed her mouth, as I have said before, was an exceedingly attractive one. The Premier glanced at Mrs. Hellier; but by this time that good lady had risen so nobly to the necessities of the moment that she had gone to the farther end of the room and was gazing out into the street with vivid interest. So, being only human, he drew the girl nearer.

"Excuse me, miss," he said.

And knowing that no one observed them, she excused him with charming and glorious willingness.

It is now a matter of history that on his recent visit to the Old Country the youngest and most distinguished of Colonial statesmen—I have called his colony "Kingsland" for various reasons—received the honor of knighthood. It was an acknowledgment of his services to the cause of Imperial Federation and Defence, and a token of the favorable impression he had created in the highest circles. But there were certain romantic circumstances connected with his visit, and these, getting into the papers, gave the country an innocent sensation for fully nine days. By a peculiarly happy arrangement, the knighthood was actually conferred just two days before the date of the Premier's marriage, and it was as Sir Justyn Morgan that he met his bride at the altar of the ancient Cathedral of Hexminster.

It was naturally a great day for the old city, for there was quite an influx of Colonial statesmen, and British Parliament people, and newspaper people, and other people of every other kind. The Rector officiated, according to promise, for once taking precedence of all the Cathedral clergy, from the

Bishop downwards; and, judging from the light in his face, that was certainly one of the happiest days in his life. On that day the sealed gardens echoed to strange voices, for even the tall gray walls could not keep out the ring of laughter and rejoicing. At the ceremony itself two old cottage-folk sat in a front seat, their countenances all aglow with pride and wonder and every one treating them with respect and consideration. It was their faith, the Premier declared, that had spurred him on to his high achievements.

Afterwards, one day, Sir Justyn and Lady Morgan—it is difficult to recognize poor Miss Vicars here—went to the National Schools, where the Premier gave an address to the children; on which occasion, it may be said, Mrs. Hellier occupied a front seat in a double circle of Hexminster notables with undisguised goodwill and personal gratification. She had long ago forgiven that appalling letter. A little later the bustle and stir died away, and the old city fell back into its accustomed stillness.

But the tokens remain. Walking through the Mill fields the other day, I saw the Canon looking at those of them which are engraved upon a sycamore-tree. The Canon was formerly called the Rector, and it was his prominence

Chambers's Journal.

in connection with the great wedding that brought him this tardy promotion.

"Ah, sir," I said, "you are thinking of yesterday's scandal."

"Yes," he replied thoughtfully, "yesterday's, and to-morrow's, and all the other to-morrow's as long as the old world shall swing in its orbit. But," he proceeded, "it was not a scandal. That was a great mistake from the beginning, quite apart from the blunder in regard to identity—which was a comedy. There was a man who had sought his life-companion at the ends of the earth and failed to find her; but when his filial constancy brought him home, he came upon her standing waiting for him on the threshold of his father's cottage. Was that a scandal?"

He required no answer, but went on joyously:

"And there was a woman, gentle in spirit and meek, who could yet rise so bravely above the cramping conventions about her that she could prove true to the ideal she had found, even though it came disguised in homespun. Was that a scandal?"

"No," continued the Canon finally, as we turned from the tree. "A romance, perhaps—but a scandal, never!"

THE END.

THE PLACE OF CLASSICS IN SECONDARY EDUCATION.

A REPLY.

I sympathize deeply with Sisyphus, I cannot rival that great man in his muscular development; his pluck I can only admire at a far distance; but in a small way I too have my stone, which I roll up the slopes of this or that mountain, perhaps I ought to say rather something like the Gogmagog Hills; and when I think that at last it is safely lodged at the top, I rub my eyes, for,

lo and behold! it lies at the bottom again.

Mr. Benson is the *deus ex machina*—I think it must be an aeroplane—who gives my stone a gentle push downwards. The last slope I tackled was the *Cornhill*: now the aeroplane has whisked him away to the sublime pinacles of the *Nineteenth Century*.¹ The

¹ "The Living Age," Dec. 16, 1910.

worst of it is he never seems to see my poor pebble; it is all done, as it were, in his stride, or shall I say, in his whizz. May I venture once more to obtrude it upon his notice?

But I must recall my soaring metaphor: I am at the bottom of the hill, in the land of plain facts. Then let me bring to the consideration of the plain folks who dwell there some matters hardly visible from the aeroplane.

Classical education is my stone: a precious stone, I am old-fashioned enough to believe, if it be but small and dwindling every day. This new world, with its books and journals, its facilities of communication and of public nuisance, its telegraph, telephone and gramophone, its appalling juxtaposition of human beings who meet at sixty miles an hour and produce a resultant of splinters, is apt to drown in its din the still small voice of the mind. Yet even so, amidst all these machines, man is still there; not yet a machine, and he never will be. His nature is ever the same, acted upon by the same motives, torn by the same passions, fired by the same aspirations, yet each man with some strange and mysterious difference which makes him what he is. Machines are nothing without men, after all; and the proper study of mankind, after all, is man, whatever machines he may add to it. And the classical student comes in close contact with big men and big thoughts: with the greatest intellects of the world, with all the deep moral problems that meet us to-day, with all the political experiments that are now being tried, some of them foredoomed to failure, some of them fruitful still. He sees these things isolated from all that can disturb his judgment, and if there is any root of truth in him, from these he can draw safe lessons. He sees the springs of human nature laid bare, in complete sincerity, without the veneer of the modern world: the insight of poet and phil-

osopher may serve him still. He can learn to delight in beauty, to see that without restraint and order beauty cannot be. He can see the beginnings of discovery, that candor and love of truth which is stamped upon the very words of the Greek language, piercing its way to principles which have never yet been superseded. He learns to know the intellectual mother of mankind, without whom we should all be barbarians.

But a Marconi message from the aeroplane warns us that this is the privilege of the few. I hear the howl of the machinists, which the aeroplane is too high to hear, crying that what only the few can enjoy should be enjoyed by none, in a true democracy: minorities must suffer. But while they are maturing their plans, we have leisure to think that what the select few can enjoy may be really worth having; that it would really be a public benefit if these few could be made more, could be made many; if the machinists had some of it, they would be none the worse, and they cannot always be making machines. Even in this infinitely greater Renaissance, awakened to the importance of evidence (which those poor Greeks and Romans knew nothing of), there may be a corner for poetry and beauty; and this corner must be occupied while the mind is young.

It is true that none of these things come from the current system of classical education. What Mr. Benson says of his experience is mine also, and it is the experience of hundreds of men, who tolerate it, either because it is their living, or because they have never known anything else, or because they fear worse things from some other sort of education. Oddly enough, the machines are to blame for this: they have affected schools, and there never was a system more mechanical, outside China, than the school system of England is to-day. But Mr. Benson must pardon me if I deny his assumptions. It

seems to me that he would admit, as most would, that true classical education is worth having if it can be had; but he assumes that for those who get it, the cost in time is too dear, and that the average schoolboy cannot get it at all.

Now those who hold these views have not seen the cause why classical education has failed. So far from needing the whole of an average boy's time and thought, the excessive time (for I will not say thought) given to it has been a cause of failure. When less time is given, better results follow. Then, if the conditions otherwise are what they should be, it will be found that the average boy is capable of classical education.

Because public schools offer open scholarships in classics to boys of thirteen, it is necessary for those who hope to be candidates to learn Latin and Greek for three or four years, or more even, before the age of thirteen. The needs of these candidates fix the work of the preparatory schools; the result is that every boy specializes in these subjects or others from the age of nine or ten, or earlier. French is also forced on them by public opinion, and the result is that hardly any time is given to English, but three foreign languages are studied by boys of eleven or twelve for sixteen hours a week in school, or, counting preparation, for about twenty-eight hours a week, some four-and-a-half hours each day. Now the power of concentrated attention is small in the young, and this kind of thing does them great and permanent harm. Not only do they neglect essential things like English, which Mr. Benson would very properly make them learn: they actually learn less French, Latin, and Greek than they would learn if they gave less time to them. Worse still, their minds are so warped by this that most of them never recover their spring and freshness. When this is

carried on to the age of nineteen, for ten years that is, they emerge as Mr. Benson describes them: they have learned to take an interest in nothing—indeed, often to suspect all book-knowledge of dullness and dreariness. They do worse even than that: they do not know the difference between sense and nonsense, and they do not care.

Now it is quite certain that foreign languages must be taken one at a time, and no second must be attempted until the one before is familiar in its elements, quite familiar, to be understood, spoken, and read accurately, readily and easily. The time necessary between each is also known: it is two years for the average boy (clever boys, of course, need less). Further, it is probable—I am quite assured of it, but as it rests only on our own experiments, I do not wish to say too much—that it is of no use to begin any foreign language before the age of nine, and very little use to begin before ten, since, whenever the pupils begin, they are about on a level at twelve. It follows that we get this scheme: Language A at nine or ten, B at twelve, C at fourteen, D at sixteen. Taking French first, as easier for the young English boy than an ancient language, we get Latin at twelve, Greek at fourteen; at sixteen German is taken, and French dropped as a school subject, since it is now thoroughly well known and can be read for pleasure or use. As the mind matures and is trained, progress becomes faster, and by sixteen the three first languages are about on the same level, though not quite, because the classical accidence is difficult.

If anyone thinks that a young boy can begin two foreign languages at once, he can easily satisfy himself by beginning, say, Russian and Chinese next holidays. Even with his mature mind, already well trained, he will find it no easy task: and Latin and Greek

are quite as strange to boys of ten as Russian and Chinese are to him.

This blunder alone is enough to spoil boys; but it is not alone. They are taught by means of snippets of stupid text and exercise books of inane or nonsensical sentences, which disgust any intelligent mind and weary all. Nothing they learn has the remotest connection with their life and vivid interests. Here, too, a reform is necessary, and the modern language teachers have shown us what it is. The language must be the description of the pupils, word or sentence linked directly with the thing or act; and the first exercises must be the description of the pupils, own daily life and the expression of their own thoughts. This at once makes the language real; the attention is easily held, and the learners enjoy their work. They also do it well, and they habitually attain a high standard of correctness. Oral work on this principle has been the salvation of French and German, and it will be the salvation of Latin and Greek. One lesson a day, of forty-five or sixty minutes, is enough to teach thoroughly French, German, Latin, and Greek by the end of the school life. This also leaves time for English, and for an introduction to the subjects that Mr. Benson wants, including machines.

This is not the place to explain details; to show how the parts of the school work may be made to fit into each other, how grammar is to be taught, what use is made of translation. But I hope enough has been said to show that there is another way possible besides the nihilistic way—the way of pessimism and hopelessness. The keen interest of everyone, boys and masters,

The Nineteenth Century and After.

at each stage must be seen to be believed. The final result is that boys of nineteen can and do enjoy and understand the best literature in a way which is never seen otherwise. The paradox is that they get infinitely more with about one-fourth of the time; but it is true.

One advantage my suggestions have over Mr. Benson's. They have been tried, and his have not. What I have said is not speculation; it is a description, as honest as I can make it, of fact.

And what of the average boy? Poor maligned British schoolboy! Your best friends have so often told you that you are stupid that you have come to believe it. I do not. Many boys there are, of course, in all secondary schools, who have no business there, who are not capable of a bookish education at all, and ought to be where they could do good service to the world by practical work, such as even the making of machines. But the boy I have in view is the boy who ends his school existence in the fourth or fifth form under present conditions. Of him I can say with a full sense of responsibility that he is spoilt by the folly of his teachers, and that he is capable of profiting in the best way from his classical work.

And now my pebble is once more lodged at the summit of a new hill. What will be its fate? Must Sisyphus again take up his weary labor, or shall he find at last that the fates are inexorable, and that, *damnatus longi laboris*, he has at last found an end?

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EXECUTIONS.

[LETTERS TO THE TIMES.]

Mr. ARTHUR C. BENSON.—Now that the dreadful and tragic case of "Dr." Crippen is finally closed, a case which, it is horrible to reflect, has given to thousands of people the keenest excitement, and, I venture to add, enjoyment, may I say a few words to deprecate the hideous drama which has been enacted since the unhappy man's condemnation? I do not want to raise the question here of the rights and wrongs of capital punishment in general. Neither, when the pursuit of a suspected person is conducted under such exceptionally sensational circumstances, is it possible to hope to diminish the inevitable excitement that must attend it. Further, if a condemned person chooses to appeal against his sentence, it is not possible, I suppose, to guard against a certain delay, in order that such evidence as is available may be presented as cogently as possible.

But no one in the world who has any touch of compassion and humanity can have regarded without a sense of horror the dreadful prolongation of the frightful business, or reflected unmoved upon the ghastly alternations of hope and despair, and the hideous anticipation of the last shocking moment, with all its publicity, its sickening mechanical details.

It may be said that this is mere sentimentality, and that the *mise-en-scène* is necessary to safeguard the moral and deterrent effect of the proceedings. Yet the feeling which successfully protested against public executions can hardly be dismissed as mere sentimentality, and the activity of the Press has nowadays recovered a good deal of the publicity which the suppression of public executions temporarily removed. And as to safeguarding the deterrent

effect of the penalty, and insisting that the circumstances of it should be ignominious and painful, we do not really make this our main object. The punishment would surely be still more deterrent if the criminal were racked and tortured as well. Yet public opinion would not permit that for a single instant.

Of course there are, no doubt, people who would defend the delay, on the ground that a soul in such dark straits may make some attempt to gain peace through penitence; but what sincerity and equanimity of penitence is attainable by a man who is counting the moments which remain before an act of such grim and repulsive brutality as an execution by hanging is bound to be? I saw a picture once of the little white-washed room where an execution is carried out in some gaol, with its beam, its trap-door, its ugly lever; and I can only say it filled me with an indescribable horror—a horror that had nothing wholesome or supportable about it.

Public opinion would hardly permit a prisoner to inflict death upon himself, and there are some who would regard this as an added crime. But I cannot help thinking that at all events a condemned man should be able to choose both the time, within a fixed limit, and the manner of his death; and that the resources of medical science should be employed to make that death as swift, as quiet, and as painless as possible. The well-known scene of the death of Socrates has little that is shocking about it; but what solemnity would it have had if it had been accompanied with pinioning and blindfolding, among a number of attendant officials, and ended by the clang of the trap, the dreadful jerk, and the movements of the helpless limbs? If a prisoner in the

solitude of his cell might be allowed to swallow a potion, or be done to death by an anæsthetic, death would at least have some touch of privacy and decorum about it. But the awful ceremony and the disgusting apparatus of violent death seem to me utterly barbarous and medieval, and to be a survival of a time when the world was more callous and hard-hearted and cruel, and indifferent to the manifestations of abject and irrepressible fear.

It does seem to me that it is time to take a step forward in the matter. That a man should die for his fault is a sufficiently appalling thing for all purposes; under martial law, and at a time when the rougher passions of men are excited, death will no doubt be administered more rudely and shockingly. But there seems to me something frightfully cold-blooded, in the midst of our boasted humaneness and our ordered civilization, in allowing the perpetration of so sickening a drama to continue as the execution which has just taken place. A man at such a crisis of his fate is not a thing to exult and gloat over, whatever his crime may have been; and I believe that the solemn barbarity of the whole proceeding has an entirely debasing and degrading effect on the public mind. I confess that I found myself profoundly thankful when all was over, and I wish I could feel that the compassion and generosity and dignity of all just and kind English hearts would find such expression as would make it possible for a thing so inhuman, so disgraceful, and so ghastly to be relegated once and for all to the class of horrors with which society has bravely and wholesomely dispensed.

SIR HERBERT STEPHEN.—Every one must regret that the present method of executing capital sentences should, when the circumstances of the crime and its detection have been exceptionally notorious, have occasioned

so much distress to Mr. Arthur Benson. I hope that his extreme sensibility is not shared by the generality of his fellow-subjects; and I am sure that they would be ill-advised if they adopted the superficially gentle and refined methods suggested by him of carrying out a solemn but necessary and essentially practical business.

Mr. Benson's first contention seems to be that the interval between judgment and execution is too long; he laments "the dreadful prolongation of the frightful business." I do not myself consider that, when you are deliberately and judicially taking a man's life, it matters very much whether that interval is one week or three; and I do not think Mr. Benson has himself any really strong feeling on the point, because his suggestion seems most unlikely to make any considerable difference. It is that the "condemned man should be able to choose" the time of his death "within a fixed limit." I apprehend that the great majority of condemned persons would choose the latest time allowed by the fixed limit, and as the limit must be large in order to make the right to choose of any value, the prolongation of the frightful business would be at least as dreadful as ever.

Mr. Benson's next suggestion is that the convict should also be allowed to choose "the manner of his death." If that were done the probable result would be that nine condemned persons out of ten would decline to make any choice, and the tenth would exercise a mischievous ingenuity in making the most embarrassing choice he could—I will not suggest examples; but it is perhaps unreasonable even to imagine any practical consequences of so manifestly unpractical a proposal.

One other condition proposed to be attached to the execution is that death should be "as swift, as quiet, and as painless as possible." Without admitting that these important considerations

are of supreme importance, I claim for the method now in use that it makes death as swift and as painless as possible. No one who knows how the rope and the drop are arranged can doubt that at the instant when the rope tightens consciousness ceases absolutely. Nothing could be swifter, or more entirely free from what is generally indicated by the word pain.

Mr. Benson would prefer that the offender should be "allowed to swallow a potion," or should be "done to death by an anæsthetic," and desires more "privacy and decorum" in the operation. As to decorum, I do not see how there could be more than there is at present; and as to privacy, I think the presence of the Sheriff's representative, who is actually responsible for the execution, his agents, who physically perform it, the governor and medical officer of the prison in which it takes place, and, if his presence is desired, a clergyman, is essential to the proper fulfilment of a public duty, and would be so whatever method of taking life were adopted. As to the anæsthetic or "potion," their adoption would, in my opinion, be prompted not by regard for the condemned man, but by an unmanly shrinking, on the part of those responsible, from the actual facts of the situation. The existence of overwhelming physical force on the part of those who are lawfully putting a man to death is the fundamental fact of the whole business—next to the moral fact that they mean to do it. Therefore I see nothing repulsive or degrading in the fact that the condemned man is pinioned and forcibly put in such a situation that he will die. Hanging by the neck has for many centuries been the established method in this country of effecting capital executions, and if Mr. Benson is really filled with "indescribable horror" by a picture of an "ugly lever" whereby that is done, I should advise him not to look at it. Socrates was "allowed to

swallow a potion," and as far as we know did so without making any undignified resistance; but we do not hang men for the reasons, whatever they were, which satisfied the Athenians that the death of Socrates was necessary for the public welfare. The important matter is that a man has to die, and I see no gain, but the contrary, in glossing over the process so as to make it seem as polite as possible.

SIR MACKENZIE CHALMERS.—

As for some years it was my unpleasant duty to advise on the execution of capital sentences, perhaps you will allow me to make a brief reply to Mr. Benson. His letter is full of pity for himself and full of pity for Crippen, but he has apparently no thought or word of pity for Crippen's victim, the unhappy woman who, in the full enjoyment of life, health, and many friendships, was deliberately poisoned and then hideously mutilated.

I have not the exact figures before me, but I think you will find that not more than one third of the persons sentenced to death are actually hanged. The extreme penalty of the law is only inflicted in cases of calculated and brutal murder, without mitigating circumstances. It is a mistake to attribute to murderers of this kind the sensitive feelings of refined and humane people. They usually meet their end with somewhat of the same callousness which characterized their crimes. The gentle euthanasia which Mr. Benson half-heartedly advocates would be but a poor deterrent to the type of criminal from which these murderers come.

Possibly in dealing with the question of capital punishment I have had an advantage which Mr. Benson has not had. I was in Paris during part of the time of the Commune, and have seen murder committed, so can realize what it means. Since then, I am bound to say, my sympathies have been with the

victim rather than with the murderer.

I have several times discussed the hateful practice of lynching with thoughtful Americans. They all agreed that the origin of the evil must be sought in the delay, the uncertainty, and the inadequacy of the punishment provided by law. No one would wish to see a similar impatience of justice aroused in England.

LADY CHANCE.—Mr. Benson fears that he may be accused of mere sentimentality when he thus pleads the murderer's cause. I think he is justified in his fear. In his abundant sympathy for the guilty, has he forgotten the innocent victim? Has he no powers of imagination left with which to conjure up the scenes of the unhappy women or children being killed by criminals for their own diabolical purposes, whether of revenge, lust, or mere bloodthirsty brutality? There seems to me, in Mr. Benson's own words, "something frightfully cold-blooded in the midst of our boasted civilization and humaneness" that a woman can be murdered and her body sliced up as if it were that of an animal, and buried in the cellar of her own house by her husband. I confess I should feel more comfortable if I thought that (to quote Mr. Benson again) "the compassion and generosity and dignity of all just and kind English hearts" went out rather to the wretched victims than to their murderers. I think that indulgence in overflowing sympathy with the criminal, and the show of tender compassion for his fate, are just as debasing to the public mind as the gloating over and enjoying the excitement of a tragic "case" which Mr. Benson so rightly condemns.

Mr. FILSON YOUNG.—From my own knowledge I can say, and I offer it as a crumb of comfort to Mr. Benson and people who feel like him, that such

humanity and kindness on the part of the prison officials as is compatible with the regulations never fails the prisoner; in fact, it is a familiar and pathetic experience of theirs that the doomed man, as his hour draws nigh, and as the things of the world are shut off from him, turns more and more to his official associates in the ghastly world of the prison. But their humanity is only an infinitesimal mitigation of the quite appalling horrors of mind to which a man of any degree of temperament is subjected by the fact that he is watched night and day, that he is never alone or in the dark, that all power is taken away from him, that in his last interviews with those whom he loves no power, human or Divine, can procure for him the clasp of a hand or an embrace, that he must tearfully stammer out his eternal farewells in the presence of prison warders; that he goes to his death, not out in the world or in the presence of any friend, but like a rat in a corner; hurriedly, when his hour strikes, to be jostled and pushed on to the trap by hireling hands, while the parson's voice reminds him that Christ, who died for other men and in the company of malefactors, said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." If the theory of deterrence by example be true, then this man in his day also dies for other men; but there is no honor or crown of glory for him. The system of torture is, after his own death, continued upon others who cared for him. They may not have his body, and even when his last penalty has been paid no gentle hands may care for it and attend its disposal. It is thrown, clothed as it is, into a grave in the prison yard and covered with quicklime.

SIR HOMEWOOD CRAWFORD.—May I be permitted to attempt to remove the very erroneous impression which may possibly be created in the minds of your readers by the extraor-

dinary assertions contained in the letter of Mr. Filson Young?

He describes the condemned man as going to his death "like a rat in the corner, hurriedly, when his hour strikes, to be jostled and pushed on to the trap by hireling hands!" From what source can Mr. Young have derived his information?

As Under-Sheriff for London and Middlesex it fell to my sad lot to have to be present, officially, on no less than 12 occasions when the sentence of death has been carried out; on one morning I had to witness the execution of four men at the same time; and I deny entirely that anything occurred on any one of those occasions which could possibly justify such a description as that applied to executions generally by your correspondent. Mr. Young really should give some credit for humane feelings and an earnest desire to prevent unnecessary suffering to those upon whom the law casts the painful duty of seeing the sentence of death carried out.

It has also fallen to my lot to have to communicate to some 20 condemned prisoners the date fixed by the Sheriffs for their execution; and on no single occasion has a suggestion ever been made that the date might be expedited.

The Times.

On the contrary, there appeared always to be a sense of relief that the carrying out of the dread sentence was to be postponed for so long a period as at least a fortnight. And I can recall but one instance when full advantage was not taken of that short respite to benefit by the kind ministrations of the prison chaplain.

I have also been privileged on several occasions in my official capacity of Under-Sheriff to convey the intimation of the Sovereign's respite; and your readers may be interested in learning that the news is not always received with gratification. I remember very well on one occasion being greeted with the blunt rejoinder, "Thank yer for nothing; I'd rather be hanged"!

I have only, in conclusion, to add that at every execution witnessed by me death has been instantaneous and the greatest solemnity observed.

Mr. ARTHUR C. BENSON.—My point is that the present method of inflicting capital punishment is brutal and barbarous. I think it is time to take a step forward; and I cannot be deterred by any accusations of sentimentality from expressing a belief which I have reason to think is shared by many of my fellow-citizens.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

There is a class of minds which, owing to some deadness of sense, cannot measure or appreciate significant facts unless the facts take some cataclysmic form. In the eighteenth century the Lisbon earthquake caused a distinct wave of atheism. Why, men asked, this appalling and purposeless annihilation of innocent lives? Can there be a God ruling a world in which such things happen? At the time of the Messina earthquake similar questions were

widely audible. The writer has heard of the case of a foreign missionary, a devoted and heroic man, whose faith was shattered when one day he came across the spectacle of a dried-up inland sea on the bed of which lay myriads of fishes that must have perished slowly as the water grew more shallow in the continued drought. There are several answers to such questionings as these,—the answers of the mystic, of the man of science, of the man of thought, of

the man whose faith transcends all the accidents of our material world. But it is not our business to discuss these; we indicate for our purpose only the existence of the mental habit which in all ages has been shocked into revolt by a sudden immense catastrophe, but has been contented to accept without misgiving the gradual accumulation of facts which in their sum total were infinitely more significant. These things escaped attention because they presented no unexpected challenge to the nerves. The frame of mind which we have described appears in relation to very much lesser things than earthquakes or terrible fires or railway accidents, if only the *mise-en-scène*, by some horrid ironical contrast, provides the necessary shock to the attention. It is a frame of mind which is naturally most common in uneducated people. But it is not by any means confined to uneducated people. It is present in men of marked and genuine refinement, in men of learning and experience, when the emotionalism of pampered thought has overbalanced their logic.

These reflections came into our head as we read a letter on capital punishment by Mr. A. C. Benson in the *Times* of Monday. Mr. Benson is outraged by the "dreadful and tragic case of 'Dr.' Crippen." Well, of course, we are all outraged by such a case. But Mr. Benson does not dwell on the horror of the murder, but on the circumstances of Crippen's condemnation and execution. "No one in the world," he says, "who has any touch of compassion and humanity can have regarded without a sense of horror the dreadful prolongation of the frightful business, or reflected unmoved upon the ghastly alternations of hope and despair, and the hideous anticipation of the last shocking moment, with all its publicity, its sickening mechanical details." Yet these things happen in the case of every person who is condemned for

murder. When they are reported in unobtrusive paragraphs, however, they do not stir Mr. Benson's sensibilities. Mr. Benson goes on:—"Of course there are, no doubt, people who would defend the delay, on the ground that a soul in such dark straits may make some attempt to gain peace through penitence; but what sincerity and equanimity of penitence is attainable by a man who is counting the moments which remain before an act of such grim and repulsive brutality as an execution by hanging is bound to be? I saw a picture once of the little white-washed room where an execution is carried out in some gaol, with its beam, its trap-door, its ugly lever; and I can only say it filled me with an indescribable horror—a horror that had nothing wholesome or supportable about it." Mr. Benson professes not to discuss the merits of capital punishment, but, though he does not perceive it or admit it, he is really shrinking from capital punishment and condemning it while he occupies himself with the methods of carrying it out. For why does a lever seem to him a peculiarly horrible thing? Because it is the instrument of death,—for no other reason. A lever is not a horrible thing in itself. A gallows lever is like a lever in a railway signal-box. There levers—even whole rows of them—do not look horrible. If, however, one of them were used by some fiend to throw a train off the lines and kill a hundred people, it would doubtless look horrible by association. Mr. Benson would prefer that death should be inflicted by some other method than hanging. *Soft*; but would not the trigger which fired the gun if the prisoner were shot, or the cup in which the "potion" (as Mr. Benson daintily calls it) was administered if the prisoner were poisoned, look just as horrible? Mr. Benson is really, as we said, shrinking from capital punishment, though he does not confess it.

It is not a pleasant business; it is not meant to be pleasant; and we hold that, though no sort of physical torture should, of course, be inflicted, it is not desirable that we should resort to the hypocrisy of pretending that it is pleasant. Hanging—it is really dislocating the neck—is believed to be an absolutely instantaneous and painless death. Yet the thought of it does happen to act as a deterrent on brutal and ignorant minds as perhaps no other penalty could act. The writer once asked an ex-convict whether any other form of death would not serve as well. "It's the drop they're afraid of," said the convict in describing the thoughts of his professional friends about capital punishment. The writer tried, for the purposes of argument, to persuade him that the knowledge that one's life would be forfeit would in itself be a sufficient deterrent. "No," he repeated stoutly, "it's the drop they're afraid of."

See what absurdities Mr. Benson runs to in order to do away with the lever. He suggests that a condemned criminal should be allowed to choose "both the time, within a fixed limit, and the manner of his death, and that the resources of medical science should be employed to make that death as swift, as quiet, and as painless as possible." The effect of allowing criminals to choose the time would almost certainly be that the authorities would continue to fix the time, for all criminals would choose the last possible moment. While there is life there is hope. Most criminals hope for a reprieve. The continuance of hope is, after all, only another name for Mr. Benson's "ghastly alternations of hope and despair." Mr. Benson goes on:—"The well-known scene of the death of Socrates has little that is shocking about it; but what solemnity would it have if it had been accompanied with pinioning and blindfolding, among a number of attendant officials, and ended by the clang of the trap, the

dreadful jerk, and the movements of the helpless limbs? If a prisoner in the solitude of his cell might be allowed to swallow a potion, or be done to death by an anæsthetic, death would at least have some touch of privacy and decorum about it." What harm the clang of a trap may do to a dead man it is beyond us to discover; and it would go very hard with the criminal if there were not a "dreadful jerk." What Mr. Benson in effect proposes is that murderers should be allowed by law the privilege of a euthanasia which is denied to every one else. The innocent person who dies of a dreadful disease in lingering agony must endure it, till the mercy of death comes, as best he may. The murderer, however, is to choose his anæsthetic or sleeping-draught and invoke the law to make everything as comfortable as possible for him. To press the thing to a fantastic point, one might say that the only way for a suffering person to procure euthanasia within the Bensonian law would be to commit murder. Moreover, we fancy that Mr. Benson is mistaken in supposing that murderers would like to die in solitude. There could scarcely be fewer attendants than now ensure the execution of the sentence; but it is probable that most criminals would prefer a great many more. In the days of public executions the veriest coward would often brace himself up and for the first time enjoy a certain fortitude in the presence of a multitude. It is only the super-refinement of Mr. Benson's mind which makes him morbidly afraid of morbidity, and causes him to profess what Matthew Arnold called "an almost bloodthirsty clinging to life." Death is but death. Cowards die many times before their death, as we all know, but that is the result of an irremediable moral state. The substitution of a cup for a lever will not help them. Hanging was no worse for Crippen than for

some poor fellow, much less undeserving, of whom the majority of Englishmen never heard. As for the "dreadful jerk," it is probably not comparable with any one of the blows which a man voluntarily receives in the face in a hard bout of boxing. Mr. Benson stands in this matter for an unwholesome disposition not to face a plain fact.

Finally, the advocates of abolishing capital punishment, and those who want to disguise it as something which a gentleman might suffer without indignity, always leave out of their terrifying picture the sufferings of the unhappy person who was murdered. Do the people who are exposed daily to the possibility of a murderer's attack need no thought, no sympathy—better morbid sympathy than none at all—no protection? Capital punishment is rightly

The Spectator.

retained for murder alone because murder is different from all other crimes. Society is based on the assumption that murder will not be committed. Murder is irreparable. Therefore it is necessary to guard men and women from it, and to save weak-minded persons, who are prone to murder, from themselves by a unique penalty. So long as murder is an ever-present possibility it is being hypocritical with ourselves to pretend that the punishment we agree to exact is something which may be made tolerably agreeable. Penal servitude for life is not agreeable. No punishment is agreeable. If murderers would avoid what is justifiably disagreeable, the taking of human life, they have the remedy in their hands. *Que messieurs les assassins commencent.*

A HOLIDAY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY THE RIGHT HON. MORTIMER DURAND,
G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.

IV.

POTCHEFSTROOM.

Very early in the morning, as the sun was brightening in a cloudless sky, a waiter brought us a cup of coffee and told us it was time to dress: our station was the next. At the same time he asked us for a "tickie" apiece, which on inquiry I found was South African for a threepenny-bit. It seemed very cheap for South Africa, where most things are very dear. The tickie, by the way, is the minimum coin in that country. South Africans seem to have no use for coppers. Even a small daily paper costs threepence.

As the train slows down to run into the station at Potchefstroom, the traveller will notice close by to the left of the line, or more probably he will not

notice, a low earthen bank or rampart in the form of a square. One corner of the square approaches the line within fifty yards or so, and a couple of small trees or shrubs grow close to the broken irregular bank. The ground inside, about twenty-five paces across, is overgrown with high grass and flowering weeds.

The whole thing is insignificant enough to look at, and not many people seem to know anything about it; yet that little enclosure, the outlines of which are sinking slowly year by year under the wash of the summer rains, is, or ought to be, a spot very dear to Englishmen. There, during the course of the unhappy war of 1881, a war remarkable for some painful defeats inflicted upon British troops, and closed

by a humiliating peace, a small body of our countrymen redeemed by a very brave feat the honor of our arms. It is the "Old Fort," in which for three months 140 men of the Scottish Fusiliers, with some Artillerymen and a few civilians, held their ground against the attacks of an enemy very superior in numbers. Their only defences were a hastily raised line of earthwork. They were encumbered with women and children and camp-followers. The hot season was upon them, and made life a misery. Their supplies and water were insufficient. The round-shot and rifle-fire of the enemy, who had good cover in almost every direction, searched the enclosure from side to side, and forced the garrison to take shelter in holes dug under the "wall," the little tents they had put up at first being soon riddled with bullets. From first to last they lost more than a third of their number in killed and wounded, and there was much sickness. Yet under the command of a brave and capable officer, Winsloe, they held out till they were practically without food, and even then the enemy brought about their surrender only by a breach of faith which was condemned and repudiated by the Boer Government. It is a fine story, and an Englishman who stands in the little grass-grown square, now neglected and almost forgotten, cannot but think with pride and gratitude of the men who held it so long.¹

The war of 1881, for which we were as usual not ready, and the Peace, which, as even its apologists admit, brought upon us the contempt of our brave enemies, are not pleasant things to think of. One thanks God that a British officer was found in time of need whose one thought was to do his duty and keep the flag flying. He was not the only one, for our small garri-

sons in the Transvaal all held out well; but their trials and sufferings were not so great.

Potchefstroom is a considerable military station now. Two regiments of British cavalry and some artillery are cantoned on a piece of high ground a mile or so from the Old Fort; and the rows of red-roofed corrugated iron sheds look picturesque enough among the rapidly rising avenues of feathery "blue gums,"—not beautiful trees, but useful, and, like other Australian trees, apparently suited to the climate.

Here goes on the customary life of our soldiers in South Africa. They do a good deal of hard work, much harder and more constant than civilians in England suppose. The soldier has no regular eight hours' day; but he is often at it, particularly during the African winter months, for a number of hours which would astonish many a British workman. He rides and drills and shoots at the butts, and goes out on manoeuvres, and learns scouting and signalling, and all the multitudinous duties of his trade—a trade not easily or quickly learned. He is well fed and well cared for in every way, and he gets very fair pay, perhaps half what a negro laborer, also well fed and well cared for, gets in the mines. But the British soldier is not idle; and when it is remembered that he must be ready to go out at any time and get shot or die of enteric for the honor of his country, it must be admitted that he fully earns his pay. You do not think of that, you who speak evil of him and exclude him from your places of public amusement, as if the most honorable garb in the world were a badge of disgrace. You might think of it if you left your comfortable firesides and came out to South Africa, and saw the long rows of British graves on the veldt, and the lonely blockhouses of piled stones and iron sheeting where he wore out too often his dreary patient

¹ Since these words were written I have heard with great pleasure that steps are being taken to preserve the Old Fort from further damage.

life; if you heard his old enemies bearing witness to the courage and discipline with which he came on time after time, obedient to his orders, across the smooth bullet-swept slopes to storm some deadly line of trenches. "That is where your strength lay," a Boer general said to me; "your men obeyed orders and came on, however hopeless it seemed. It is hard to get men to do that."

And the regimental officer. I have heard him described as stupid and idle—a man who thinks of nothing but amusing himself, who keeps up a luxurious Mess, and spends his time at polo. Well, he does play polo, certainly if he is a cavalry man, but the British taxpayer does not keep his ponies for him. We pay a captain or a major in that very expensive country, South Africa, a man who has perhaps served through more than one war, and been two or three times wounded, less than £300 a-year—less than an average workman gets in a Johannesburg mine. And wherein is his polo worse than our cricket or golf? It teaches him to ride as very few things do, and to understand a horse, all part of his trade, and it takes up no more time than a round of the links. If he can pay for it, why should we object? And a man who plays polo cannot drink wine as men in the army—not only in the army, by the way—used to drink it. If he has the money, which many have not, he cannot afford it in other ways. He cannot drink and keep "fit." So he drinks little; and his Mess, where every dish and cup has to be perpetually covered to keep off the swarming flies, is not so very luxurious. We get these men from comfortable homes, some of them brought up to have everything they can want, and they go and live in iron sheds thousands of miles from home and its pleasures, and do a very considerable amount of daily work; and many besides toll in their

spare hours at the higher branches of their profession, under great disadvantages; and like the men they lead, they must be ready at any time to die for their country. The wonder to a civilian who really knows something of their lives is that we get them at all. We are getting them with more difficulty now,—largely, I believe, because they feel they are not fairly judged. Practically there is now no competition for commissions in the army, and that is a very serious thing for the nation.

So they play polo, small blame to them, not gallery polo, in South Africa; not a game on a beautiful green sward at Hurlingham or Ranelagh, with hundreds of people looking on, but on a ground which does not carry a blade of grass, where the dust is often so thick that one can hardly see the ball, and where the gallery consists, perhaps, of a couple of the ladies of the regiment in an otherwise empty stand. The ladies know all about it, and their criticisms are worth more than those of the well-dressed crowds at home, but the soldiers' polo is polo for polo's sake.

It is worth noticing by the way that at West Point, the American military academy, the cadets are taught to play polo, and ponies are provided for them. So I was told when I was there a few years ago. And the Americans are a practical people.

The officers' wives do not have a very luxurious life either. They go back from their polo in the evening to their little corrugated-iron houses, where the thermometer perhaps is standing at something near 90°, with not much amusement beyond a small piece of garden, or a quiet friendly little dinner of five or six, where you all walk in to the room in single file because the passage won't hold two abreast. Nothing can be pleasanter; but the Society woman would not think it very exciting. They can at times help the other women in the regiment to get up a the-

atrical piece or something of the kind; and perhaps occasionally they can run up to Johannesburg, a ten-hours' journey, for a dance or a day at the races; but it is not a luxurious life. They are soldiers' wives, and they are content, but do they not deserve some credit for it all?

And the private soldier has his little fun too, in which many of his officers join: his football; and his cricket on a matting pitch, with a very hard ground on which boundaries are easy in spite of its size, because there is not a blade of grass; and his evenings of rather strenuous boxing in the ring under the big gun shed; and his beer and tobacco. And he longs for return to the soldier's paradise, India, or for the joys of home, but serves on in his cheery careless way until the day comes when he is discharged into the Reserve. And then we tell him he is useless for anything in the world because he has been spoilt in the army.

While I am on that subject there is one thing I should like to say. I have often heard people who decry the soldier and all his ways, and deny the necessity of military training, point to the Boers as a proof that men who are not soldiers can defend their country in time of need. It would be difficult to find a worse argument. The Boer had in some ways received much more preparation for a soldier's work than the British soldier who fought against him. He had been brought up from his childhood to shoot and to ride and to scout. All this has to be elaborately taught to the English recruit, with what difficulty none can know who has not tried. If any one supposes that Englishmen without military training are like the splendid Boer riflemen who stormed Majuba Hill he is woefully mistaken. One can hardly imagine any material more totally different than the average English townsman or peasant and the sporting Dutch

farmer. They have nothing in common but their stubborn courage. And it is to be remembered that the Boers, fine fighting men as they were individually and in small bodies, failed of eventual success precisely for want of some qualities which military training alone can give—especially discipline.

A mile or so away from the cantonment, down by the little slow Mool River, is the town of Potchefstroom, once the capital of the Transvaal or one of its offshoot republics. It is in some ways a typical Dutch town, with its broad open roads and canals, and its beautiful weeping willows, and its sleepy air. But among its white men are many English, who keep up an English church or two, and some excellent shops. There is a large school of nearly two hundred boys, English and Dutch, whose English headmaster tells you that the friendships and quarrels of the boys seem to run on wholly non-racial lines. There is an Industrial School, doing very good work, and an Experimental Farm, and an ostrich farm, and a trout farm; and in the grassy meadows by the river is the best eighteen-hole golf-course in South Africa, with grass putting-greens instead of the usual threshing-floor of pounded ant-hills. It is not quite a Sunningdale yet, for the African grass is rather coarse, and the stems of the tiny iris which cover the playing-greens with lilac blossom are tough, so that one cannot do much running-up. It would suit Taylor and the English school better than Braid and the Scotch. But it is a pleasant course, with some terrible natural bunkers of water and reeds, where a long handicap man can lose an unlimited number of very expensive balls.

All around is the veldt, brown enough later on, but fairly green in these English winter months, for it is summer here, and the rain comes in summer,—sudden storms of thunder and lightning

and wind, and heavy black showers, which blot out half the sunlight, and sweep over the dry face of the land like a paint-brush.

As you ride across the veldt in the early morning, past the cavalry schooling-ground, where the men are being taught to jump their horses or use their lances and swords, you will see many beautiful wild-flowers growing among the ant-hills that dot the face of the veldt with thousands of hard red mounds,—trailing convolvulus, purple and yellow, the latter at a little distance curiously like an English primrose, and the brilliant yellow six-pointed stars of the "tulip," and many more of all shapes and colors. Here and there is a patch of mimosa-bush, with white or yellow blossoms, or a little piece of cultivation, over which flutters the pretty "sakabula" bird, dragging behind him an absurdly long tail which he cannot manage in a wind.

Blackwood's Magazine.

The ground is stony enough in parts, and the best-looking places may be dangerous with rabbit-holes or rat-holes. It is better not to gallop over untried veldt. At times you may come upon some little abandoned gold-mine, or the mouth of an underground cavern, once the home of wild beasts, or possibly a Dutch farm hidden in a hollow; or, invariable mark of a British cantonment, a hillock of commissariat tins. But the air 4000 feet above the sea is clear and bracing; and the riding-tracks wind away for miles over the rolling plain; and the hills stand out against the sky, treeless but beautiful with pure color, green and rose-gray fading into blue. It all reminds one strangely of the great plateaux of Central Asia. Often I could have believed myself on the Persian plains between Tehran and Shiraz. There was the same feeling of breadth and solitude, which once known is never forgotten.

(To be continued.)

THE SURVIVAL OF THE THICKEST.

[Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in a recent speech at Brighton, has been recalling the early days when politicians were in the habit of going for one another with a lethal weapon.]

O golden times long gathered to the grave,
When for your wild game there was no close season,
When, if you differed from another knave,
You never had recourse to rhyme or reason;
You simply took a large and hefty axe
And felled him in his tracks.

You used no arguments obscure and dull,
Made no attempt to clear his mental vision,
But got your point of view inside his skull
By processes of surgical incision;
You did not wait to bandy logic, but
Just nicked him on the nut.

Our politicians, these degenerate days,
Have buried deep the bloodier kind of hatchet,
But at a pinch they still contrive to raise
Weapons of moral suaveness to match it:—

Slander and slush, abuse and gutter-pies,
And posters stiff with lies.

I find the old way better; here at least
You were not asked to eat your allegations;
You had no further trouble with deceased,
No after-crop of loud recriminations;
For, where you dropped him, there a corpse lay he,
Making no repartee.

And if, through something faulty in the blow,
By inadvertence he survived your battery,
He brought no claim for damages, oh no!
But, keeping proudly silent on the matter, he
Just bode his hour to pay you back in kind—
Probably from behind.

And so the thing went on, from clout to clout,
Till one (or both) of you was dead as mutton;
This cleared the slate, and no one fussed about
An episode the lid of earth had shut on.
(There is a good deal to be said for blood
In place of ink and mud).

To-day our champions play a softer game;
Each on his own they grind their little axes,
But not for carving skulls; yet all the same
Seldom we see that Nature's hand relaxes
That law on which primeval races thrive:—
The thickest heads survive!

Punch.

Owen Seaman.

"ALL THE WINNERS!"

It was nearly midnight in the Strand. Rain had fallen for three days and nights, almost without stopping. The street was deep in liquid slime, and, with upturned skirts and trousers, the crowds from theatres and music-halls were wading home. They were wading home, but another crowd stood still. They stood from the gutter to the middle of the road, for a line of policemen in front of them kept the footpath clear. The rain fell upon them, the wind blew, the taxi and the motor-bus bespattered them with mud, their

clothes steamed, their boots squelched audibly, restaurants and public-houses were beginning to shut, they were far from home, and still they stood.

Their eyes were fixed upon three great windows, and, through the glass, they looked into a large, well-lighted, well-warmed room, where clerks and various boys were busy. But to the crowd there was only one man who counted. Quite at ease in his shirt-sleeves, he sat upon a long table and devoured fragments of bread and cold bacon from a plate at his side, now and

then taking a draught from a large mug of tea. He neither smiled nor spoke, but every few minutes he seized a large square of paper handed him by a clerk, dabbed two corners with paste, and keeping it carefully folded together so that it might not be read too soon, scrutinized the windows for the most convenient place, ran up a step-ladder, munching all the time, and rapidly opening the square of paper, stuck it on the glass. Then, without a sign of emotion, he returned to his supper.

He returned without a sign of emotion, but he was the messenger of the country's fate, and the crowd hung on his movements in watchful expectation. As he mounted the steps, there was a hush, and all at once drew in their breath. As the placard expanded, they gasped and murmured. If it announced "no change," they were silent—rather strangely, for to one side or other "no change" always meant a victory. But if the word "gain" appeared, half the crowd shouted together for joy, like the angels at Creation. They shouted just as loudly when the "gain" was won by four or five votes, though the numbers showed that close upon half of their fellow-countrymen entirely disagreed with them. That made no difference. "Liberal Gain," "Unionist Gain"—up went the placard. The messenger of fate returned to his bacon, the rain descended, the wind blew, mud was scattered in showers, and the political crowd sang together like the morning stars.

No doubt, it was partly sport. Even upon the country's fate a gamble is good sport, and the placards afford the same kind of delight as betting on the tape about horses that nobody present has seen. But no one can deny political interest to the crowds that gather in the Strand, or Fleet Street, or Trafalgar Square, or wherever else throughout the town and country placards or lanterns or other devices an-

nounce the winners in the flat-race for the House. Even the crowds that swarm the smoking-rooms of political clubs display political interest, though they remain warm and dry, and can satisfy the hunger and thirst that emotion usually produces. There they sit or stand at ease, greeting with comfortable cheers or groans the successes and failures of their party. Such is the political zeal which freedom, slowly broadening down from the saddles of Runnymede to the club armchairs, has unquestionably evolved. But we venture to think that a friend of ours displays a zeal of finer intensity. He dare not go to street or club. He could no more watch the placards posted than he could watch an execution, with the munching man in shirt-sleeves for hangman. He walks suburban lanes, half hoping that a bird of the air will carry him the matter. He comes back by Tube, for, perhaps, someone will tell him suddenly and unawares. He paces the study in resolute hesitation, sleeplessly anxious lest he should lose his sleep. He creeps into bed, and draws the clothes over him like a child afraid of the dark. "It is all over now," he says to himself; "one way or other it is settled, and I may just as well enjoy a few more hours' peace." He again calculates the chances in every dubious constituency, and his calculations always point the road to national and spiritual calamity. In the morning he comes down and sees the newspaper lying on the door-mat. For a messenger of fate it looks strangely calm. He puts it on the breakfast table, but determines to read his letters first. Then he has breakfast, for fear the news should spoil his appetite, but all the time he eyes that innocent folded paper as though it were a cobra. At last, in an agony of resolution, he tears it open, and, like an electrocuting flash, the truth strikes him in the face.

To him we must allow the higher patriotism. His zeal for the country's welfare is not adulterated with any pleasure of betting on the tape. It is a personal thing, coming home, not only to his business, but to his bosom. It stirs in him the heartfelt emotion of a lover who keeps the decisive letter for a day and night in his pocket and under his pillow before he dares to open it—the heartfelt emotion of the sufferer who walks to and fro in front of a dentist's door before he dares to ring. Not all the tortures of the Inquisition or the unimagined pains of Purgatory are to be compared with the anguish of hesitation, and expectancy is but a passive hesitation; it is hesitation reversed. Many cannot endure to await the firing of a big gun, even when it is pointed in the opposite direction, and is loaded only with blank. But to our friend those placards of election results, posted on windows in the Strand, are whole batteries of guns, each in succession trained upon his heart, to miss or to strike him full. Successive moments of such agonizing expectation he could not face. He would rather have all the full truth burst on him at once, as though the massed guns of the troops were fired by a single string. With the resolution of the Swiss who gathered the harvest of Austrian spears into his breast, he tears the morning paper open and learns the worst.

Under the strain of such expectation, the mind plays many queer tricks. Sometimes it longs for knowledge, and clamors for the truth, the whole truth, all at once. "I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news," sighed Juliet to the nurse. "Ram down thy fruitful tidings in mine ears," cried Cleopatra to the messenger from Rome. But usually we find a strange desire to postpone the knowledge, even when the event has already happened and the knowledge of it can make no difference to the fact. A ship had been a fort-

night out at sea, going south to the point of danger in the Empire. The passengers were engaged in the usual games, quarrels, and flirtations. Suddenly there came a speck on the horizon. The whisper went round that it was the homeward mail, with tidings of peace or war. That whisper was like a reveille, a knocking at the door, a summons to reality. Games, quarrels, and flirtations ceased at once. All stood along the port side waiting. Nearer and nearer she came, throwing up the splash of foam, driving hard through a brown squall of rain; and, perhaps, there was no one aboard who did not wish she might vanish like a phantom. The pipes screamed, and up went the signal, "What news?" Still she came nearer, and the ships still rushed to meet. Her officers could be seen getting ready the flags, and up they ran—three or four fluttering scraps of colored rag. "War certain" was the word they spelt. For they also were the messengers of fate, and to every passenger on board the whole of existence was changed.

Such completeness of change is always feared, and nearly everyone dreads to put his fortune to the touch, while the touch is still to come. That is what gives the most commonplace messenger—the man in his shirt-sleeves, the folded newspaper, and the fluttering rags—such a queer significance. The messenger is quite unreasonably loved or hated in accordance with his news. We know how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings; but if his tidings were bad, his feet would look quite ordinary, or even hideous. The messenger who brought the news of Antony's marriage was innocent, but some innocents, cried Cleopatra, 'scape not the thunderbolt.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[Strikes him down.]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence.

[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn
thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll un-
hair thy head:

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipped with
wire and stewed in brine.
Smarting in lingering pickle.

We do not actually treat the messengers of our electoral losses in that way, for very few love their party with the same passion that Cleopatra felt for Antony. But one would not trust a messenger of party disaster with our friend Politicus. We are afraid he might give him only threepence, instead of half-a-crown.

Still stranger than the unreason of blessing or cursing the messenger according to his tidings, and of cherishing or crumpling up the scrap of paper on which the words are written, is the desire to postpone the knowledge even of great joy. Dickens had a story of a

The Nation.

young wife who was going back to America with a baby that her husband had not seen. All the voyage she walked the deck, rejoicing in the delight of meeting at the port, wondering whether he would know the baby if he met it in a crowd, and otherwise behaving with proper ecstasy. But when at last the port was reached, and she saw her husband actually standing on the quay, she ran below and hid herself and the baby in the cabin. Expectancy of joy or sorrow, flooding all existence with the change, causes this apprehension, and the woman who, at the Leicesters races, staked a shilling on a shiny black horse, and died of joy at the moment of his victory, might well have desired to postpone her pleasure. But, in mentioning rapture of that kind, we are passing beyond the limits of electoral results. At all events, we have never heard of anyone dying for joy at news of a "gain." We have never heard of even a candidate dying of joy, though the gain was his own.

THE ELECTIONS AND AFTER.

The Election is over, and the general result is "no change." Before the excitement of the contest had begun it was generally believed by moderate politicians that the relative strength of parties established in January would turn out to be a stable arrangement. It was not easy to see where the Opposition could win seats enough to bring them back to power, or where the Government could win enough to make them independent of Nationalist support. The judgment was correct, and the verdict of December is a repetition of that of January. The Government went to the polls with a majority of 124, it returns with a majority of 126 on balance. One hundred and sixty-

three seats were uncontested, in comparison with 75 only in January; and this vitiates any comparison between the total votes cast at the two Elections. It is of interest, however, to observe that the majority for the Government on the aggregate polls was in England 130,011 on a total of 4,241,309; in Scotland its majority was 84,479 on a total of 577,543, and in Wales its majority was 78,764 on a total of 207,776. In Ireland, of course, the Nationalist and therefore Ministerial majority was overwhelming, but the large proportion of uncontested seats makes it useless to try to calculate it.

On net balance, the Liberal and Labor group have lost one seat, the Oppo-

sition have lost one seat, the O'Brientes have lost two seats, and the Nationalists have gained four. These changes are quite insignificant, and it is of more interest to consider the gross turnover of gains and losses. Some 50 constituencies have changed sides, and most of the changes may be classed as personal and insignificant. Many of the very small majorities for one party have been turned into equally small ones for the other, a circumstance which is due, no doubt, to hard work by the party defeated in January, instigated by hope of a speedy reversal of an inconclusive verdict. A very slight, but definite, movement in opinion can be distinguished, however, in Lancashire and Cheshire and in Devonshire, where the Opposition won ten seats and five seats respectively, and in the agricultural counties, where the Government won eight seats. These slight changes may be ascribed in Lancashire to Mr. Balfour's Referendum policy, and in Devonshire, where Unionist Wesleyans are numerous, to the loss to the Government on the Home Rule question of votes gained on the Education question. The Liberal gains in the agricultural counties, as at Banbury and Saffron Walden, were foreseen by those who realized that the landlord and brewing interests could not be expected to repeat so soon their extraordinary efforts of last January. In Ireland, it is only Mr. Redmond who has any reason to be pleased with the results of the Election. Unionism has lost two seats; and, in spite of a conspicuous victory at Cork, Mr. O'Brien has again failed to secure any considerable support for his clerical and financial programmes. His attack has failed, and his group is not likely long to survive the defeat.

But these small changes of opinion are of no real importance. In determining their future policy, the Government can be expected to consider, and

ought indeed to consider, one fact only—that they have been returned to power with an undiminished majority. The country was asked whether it approved the programme of the Liberal party. Its answer was—"as much now as in January," and it would seem, therefore, that the Ministry can have no choice but to push on with the measures to which their supporters have pledged themselves on the platforms. On the constitutional issue it was the Parliament Bill upon which the Liberal party fought and won, and we cannot but realize that to assent to any material alteration in its terms must seem to Liberal members of the present Parliament something very like a breach of the trust which has just been confided to them by their constituents. For the Opposition the future is less well defined. For a time, no doubt, we shall continue to hear the ingenious arguments by which the Conservative party have been wont to prove, during the last five years, that a minority is really a majority. The attitude of the apologists of the Tory Press at present reminds us of the French soldier of whom De Stendhal wrote, who could never make out whether he had really been present at the Battle of Waterloo or not. Probably, as the days pass and the Election results assume their just proportions, the Opposition leaders will make up their mind that, as far as the Liberal Veto policy is concerned, they have, indeed, been at Waterloo. We may expect that all but the most narrow of partisans will be found willing to preserve the continuity of constitutional tradition, by accepting loyally a popular decision which has been so decisively recorded at the polls. It seems unlikely that anyone who has the interests of the Conservative party at heart could desire to press the resistance to the Parliament Bill to the extreme, now that by doing so they must involve in an embittered controversy

elements in the constitution which all desire to maintain remote from party warfare.

But even if the counsels of moderation prevail on this issue, the prospect is not a very attractive one for Mr. Balfour. When the Parliament Bill is out of the way, what will be the policy of his followers? At present it is impossible to say. Are they or are they not still the party of Tariff Reform? We imagine that a detailed examination of the speeches and addresses of the present Conservative members would show that a majority of them are pledged to the principle that Tariff Reform must be submitted to a Referendum before it is imposed upon the country. If that is so, Tariff Reform is no longer a burning question. The Conservatives can fight no Election upon it, because it is idle to ask the electors to vote for a candidate whose only object in obtaining their votes is that he may straight-way return to them and ask them on the Referendum paper whether they really meant what they said. Besides, how does Tariff Reform differ from

The Economist.

other parts of the Conservative programme that it should require a Referendum whilst those others do not? Why should it require a double popular ratification when the Education Bill of 1904 required no popular ratification at all? Mr. Balfour will find it difficult to persuade the country that his party is any longer the serious champion of Tariff Reform now that he has admitted that even the verdict of a General Election is not enough to warrant its adoption. We welcome the Referendum proposal, in fact, as the beginning of the end of the Tariff Reform campaign—as an ingenious means of preparing the minds of the Conservative party for its ultimate jettison. It is, moreover, the most hopeful of signs for the future of true Conservatism. It is only by purging itself of the errors and false ideals introduced into it by the Birmingham school that the party can hope for restoration to the influence to which it is entitled as the representative of some of the most influential sections of national opinion.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.

Americans are once again discussing, in the light of a new Census, the wonderful growth of their nation, and as the symptoms in some of the congested parts approximate to those of older countries, we have no doubt that the growth—particularly the quality of the unceasing immigration—is being watched with anxious attention. We write before the figures of the Census have been officially published, but there is no doubt that their general character and tendency have been accurately enough stated in some of the forecasts in the newspapers. The Washington correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* said in Monday's paper that the total

population of the United States, including Arizona and New Mexico, stands roughly at 90,500,000. The Eastern States have more than held their own, but the States of the Middle West have declined. The States of the Middle West may be described as farming States, and so the figures show that the towns are continually growing at the expense of the country. But this is not a universal truth; it applies to the great cities of the East, and to what is, in effect, its agricultural hinterland. The Far Western States have increased enormously,—according to the figures in the *Daily Telegraph*, Colorado forty-eight per cent., Oregon sixty-two

per cent., Nevada ninety-three per cent., and Idaho a hundred and one per cent. We may note in passing that Colorado and Idaho are two of the four States which have granted woman suffrage. It will be most interesting to see how a mixed electorate deals with the problems of States which are so rapidly building themselves up out of the boisterous elements characteristic of the Far West. If we may believe a report recently published in the American magazine, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the women voters of Colorado, Utah, Idaho, and Wyoming yield readily to all the plausible arguments of political expediency, and have so far left neither on the statute-books nor on the face of social conditions—in respect of the treatment of children and of divorce—any trace of the enlightening influences which it was supposed they would exert. In 1900 the population of the United States was 76,000,000. In ten years, therefore, according to the figures in the *Daily Telegraph*, it has increased by more than 14,000,000. Of this increase nearly 10,000,000 is from immigration.

An increase of a million a year by immigration alone makes one think. How long will the receptivity of the United States, and her power to absorb and transmute the material into good American citizens, continue under the present conditions? The character of the immigration is of great importance. We learn that immigrants from the United Kingdom come in constantly smaller numbers. Englishmen to-day very naturally prefer Canada, and Irishmen know that it is no longer difficult to prosper in Ireland. Enormous numbers are said to come from Southern Europe. The Italians gravitate to the great towns, and in New York alone there are said to be more than 200,000. It was hoped that immigrants would distribute themselves pretty evenly throughout the States,

but nearly all those from the Continent of Europe and from Russia go, like the Italians, to the towns. It seems certain that the era of sheer unquestioning exultation in the growth of the nation will soon give place to a scientific study of the racial elements of the development. Such a study is, we fear, apt to become far too positive; the students of racial characteristics, as of criminal anthropology, often found conclusions on inadequate premisses. We hope that the United States will not come to the point of erecting the barrier of a "scientific tariff" against white immigrants. All racial discriminations are bound to be fallacious. The only profitable prohibition against white men is founded on the proof of personal unfitness, or on the demonstrable unlikelihood of their becoming self-supporting and respectable citizens. It should not be forgotten that to a large extent the paupers of Southern Europe are welcomed in America now because they become "hewers of wood and drawers of water"; that is to say, they do what the native-born American citizen refuses to do. But as soon as the competition of life descends to unskilled labor in an acute form, owing to a congestion of population, in any particular State, an animus against certain races may easily appear. It may be thought that this or that race blends less easily with the American type. Hitherto the American type has been like nothing but itself; it has successfully incorporated Germans, Scandinavians, and Russians, and yet has not become at all like any one race. If the character of the immigration changes to new lines, as it seems plainly to be doing, the American type, though it has a high power of resistance, must in time respond to the change. The Census authorities, as the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent says, predict that many persons now living will see a population of 250,000,000.

Every country, it is said, has the government it deserves. It is indeed a subject for searching speculation whether this vast American world of the future, speaking the English tongue from the Gulf of Mexico to Alaska, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, will deserve the government which is the right of just men. The fight for cleanliness of government is, as the age of nations is reckoned, only beginning. Mr. Roosevelt has blown his bugle for the assault on the corrupt walls of party organization, and superficially, at all events, his own party has suffered in the exchange of blows. We say "superficially" because the principle for which Mr. Roosevelt stands has of course received no set-back whatever. He has shown, on the contrary, that there are enough people interested in clean administration, and in the preference of individual interests to those of rich and powerful corporations, to cripple any party which clings to its old allegiance to the "bosses." Mr. Taft in his railway legislation has done one definite good thing, but he has not yet done enough to satisfy the Insurgents. The present Session is the last under the Republican majority. In the next Session we shall see whether the Democratic majority has the will and power to enforce independent legislation. We do not suppose for a moment that the Democrats will attempt to introduce Free-trade, for Free-trade has not been adopted even by them as a practical policy; but there is no doubt that the tariff is widely unpopular, and the high cost of living in the towns may well make it increasingly so. Mr. Taft calls this Payne-Aldrich Tariff the best revenue-producer ever framed in the United States. For the present, as his recent Message to Congress announced, he proposes no changes in the tariff. In another Session it will no doubt be tinkered, but, we suspect, with much the same results as before;

every remedy of a grievance in a tariff produces a new grievance. One thing in Mr. Taft's otherwise unexciting Message is indeed astonishing. He says that reform in the working of the administrative Departments has caused a saving of £13,000,000, and the Estimates are reduced by that amount. It is most creditable to have effected that retrenchment. But what are we to say of the previous laxity which had consented to an unnecessary expenditure of £13,000,000 annually? What is saved with one hand, however, is to some extent given away (quite rightly and inevitably, we admit) with the other. The Panama Canal, which will almost certainly be finished in 1915, is to be fortified at a cost of nearly £5,000,000. This is in addition, of course, to the cost of construction, which will be £75,000,000.

With a fortified Panama Canal before their eyes as a permanent reminder of their undertaking to do the work and accept the responsibilities of a great military Power, the American people of the future will turn their attention more seriously to the development of their Army and Navy. That appears to us inevitable. In his remarkable book, "The Valor of Ignorance," General Homer Lea expressed his belief that the population of the United States is so hopelessly heterogeneous that there is no common ideal, and nothing like a general aspiration towards good citizenship. He believes that Americans are more criminal than any civilized nation, and that there is in the mind of the mass a distinct tinge of "feminism," by which he seems to mean irrationality. He thinks that if these things were not so the nation would long ago have recognized how feebly its armed power meets the obligations laid on it by such a contentious political principle as the Monroe doctrine and by the provocations given to Japan. In a strategical sense the

Philippines, Hawaii, Samoa, and Alaska are all sources of weakness. Seizing these places as bases, Japan might conduct a campaign on the Pacific slope with ridiculous ease. General Lea is haunted by this fear. Well, he is a prophet, and the visions of prophets are vivid. For ourselves, we do not by any means deny the dangers. But we do not take it to be proved that

The Spectator.

the wonderful faculty of the United States for turning good Americans out of any material shows any signs of failing. And if the solidarity of the nation holds good we should be surprised, after all, if the performance of the North in the Civil War in welding a formidable army under stress could not be repeated.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In her "Stories from the Chronicle of the Cid," Miss Mary W. Plummer has collected and re-told for young readers some of the most striking adventures of the Spanish hero, Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, otherwise El Seld or Cid. She has drawn her material in part from Southey's "Chronicle" and in part from Lockhart's Spanish Ballads, and has given to her version a directness and simplicity which are quite her own. Ten or twelve full-page illustrations enhance the attractiveness of the book. Henry Holt & Co.

Lovers of Irish verse are in the habit of turning to Denis A. McCarthy's poems with an assurance that they will find in them the true thing,—natural and spontaneous, genuine in sentiment and full of melody. They will welcome the new edition of his "Voices from Erin, and Other Poems," which Little, Brown & Co. publish. There are sixty or seventy bits of verse in the collection, some of them devout, some patriotic, some reminiscent, and some light and care-free as the song of a bird in the spring. One of the most characteristic is "A Bit o' the Brogue" with which the book closes, which opens thus:

"Sure, the very best thing in the world, I should say,

To help a man conquer his cares day by day,
And baffle the buffets of Fate,—the
ould rogue!—

Is a bit o' the brogue.
Yes, a bit o' the brogue is a wondrous
ful thing;
It heartens a man at his labor to sing;
It gives a man courage, it gives a man
stringth,
And it makes a man masher his
troubles at lingsh.
For along with a bit o' the brogue goes
the blood
Of a race that can thrace thimselves
back to the Flood.
A race that refused Noah's offer of
shelther
Whin the bastes all flocked into the
ark helther-skelther.
So afraid that their national prestige
'twould dim,
Faith, they wouldn't accept any favors
from him."

Dr. James A. Honey is at pains to explain that his little collection of "South African Folk-Tales," which the Baker & Taylor Company publishes, is not in any sense original; and it may be that most of them may be found in various repositories of South African literature, exploration and travel. But as a collection they are new, and separately they will be new to most readers who find them in this little volume. They are all animal stories, translated from the native tongues, mostly from

the versions of the Bushmen. They are unique in their simplicity, and they give interesting glimpses of ways of life and thought which are fast passing before advancing civilization.

Some one has said that what calls itself "New Thought" now-a-days is one-third old truth warmed over, one-third flub, and one-third error. This, obviously, is an exterior and unsympathetic definition; but whoever wishes a cheerful and authoritative exposition of "New Thought" by one of the leading authorities of the school, will find it in Dr. Orison Swett Marden's "The Miracle of Right Thought" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.). Dr. Marden's earlier volume "Peace, Power and Plenty" has enjoyed a wide circulation and readers who feel that they have been helped by it to saner and more cheerful living will turn with eagerness to this new treatise on the old lines.

In a compact and clearly arranged volume which he entitles "The Old Testament Narrative" Mr. Alfred Dwight Sheffield presents the narratives of the Old Testament as a connected whole, following as a rule the King James version, but making some changes suggested by later scholarship or essential to clearness. The value of such a rearrangement of the narratives to a clearer understanding of Hebrew history can hardly be over-estimated. It avoids duplications, pays regard to historic sequence, and sets in their proper places in one continuous history the narratives contained in separate books. The sources are in all cases clearly shown; there are explanatory notes and pictures; and the chapter divisions and sub-heads enhance the impression of a consistent and coherent narrative. In an Introduction, Mr. Sheffield presents a succinct summary of the Old Testament history and narrative, which supplies a useful key to the text. Alto-

gether, the book is well adapted to the use of the general reader and of the student; and its introduction as a textbook in schools and colleges might do much to dissipate the woeful ignorance of Biblical history and references which prevails among the present generation of students. Houghton Mifflin Company.

With "A History of Education in the United States since the Civil War" (Houghton Mifflin Company) President Charles F. Thwing of Western Reserve University completes a round dozen of volumes written at various times during the last score of years upon educational subjects. The present volume is the most comprehensive of all his studies in this field; for it has to do not only with the college, the university and the professional schools but with the public schools, the summer schools and every form of educational interest and endeavor. Of moderate size and of cheerful yet judicial temper, President Thwing's review of tendencies and results in all these fields of educational activity during the last four and a half decades is illuminating and instructive. Dr. Thwing does not write as one who has a theory to establish, and whose chief concern with facts and statistics is to make them strengthen his theory. He is as candid in his use of his material as he is painstaking in the collection of it; and, if his conclusions are not altogether roseate, it is because the conditions are not. But, while he sees and acknowledges existing defects, he does not question nor minimize the general progress which has been witnessed during the period of which he writes. He finds that during that period "a distinct lifting of the community has taken place"; and that, though the single mountain peaks or ranges may be no higher "the plateau has been raised."